Serfogee Rajah
1288

MODERN TIMES;

OR,

ANECDOTES

OF THE

ENGLISH FAMILY.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S SARASWATI MAHAL.

VOL. III.

I dwell upon small matters, being of opinion with Plutarch, that little circumstances show the real man better than things of greater moment.——*Guardian, No. 6.*

LONDON:

Printed for J. BUDD, Bookseller to his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, at the Crown and Mitre, Pall-Mall; and SHARPE and HAILES, No. 186, Piccadilly.

1809.

Printed by Cox, Son, and Baylis,
75, Great Queen Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields,
London.

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CHAPTER XVI.

THE servant having sufficiently recovered from the effect of the accident which had happened to him, Sir Philip returned thanks to his respectable entertainer, and, pursuing his journey, arrived at his family seat the next day.

Occasional little absences heighten, in an inexpressible manner, the enjoyment of domestic comforts; and although Sir Philip English had neither wife nor children to greet his return, the affectionate solicitude of his amiable sister fondly clung to him whithersoever he went, and his re-

turn to Blackwood was always a source of gratification and pleasure.

"My dear brother," said Mrs. Burrows, who met the Baronet at the door, "I am rejoiced to see you:—indeed you "deserve to be upbraided for having kept "me so long in suspense respecting your "return; but you look quite well, and, I "hope, have had a pleasant journey."

Sir Philip affectionately embraced his sister; and, when he entered the house, found himself surrounded by a party of his friends; for Mr. Prendergrant and his two daughters had arrived at Blackwood-Hall, that very day, with an intention of remaining there for some time, and the Dean Chaloner was expected to join them very shortly.

Sir Philip was much pleased that Lady O'Shannon was considerably recovered

from the dreadful shock she had sustained, and that her children were also his visitors. Nor amidst the Baronet's inquiries was the little foundling forgotten. "My pretty "little Philip," said the Baronet, addressing the child, "amongst all the strange "adventures I have met with, I should "not have been surprised if I had seen "your father or mother:—and so, per-"haps, I did, sweet babe! but they sent "no message to you."

Persons who live in the country, far from the din of eternal noise, and the confusion of a crowd, well know how much relief is afforded to the tedium and wearisomeness of a long sultry day, which forbids the enjoyment of exercise abroad, and is almost suffocating at home, by the seasonable arrival of an agreeable visitor. It is like the admission of a cargo of Eu-

ropeans into an India-settlement: or, to come nearer home, the arrival of the packet at Holyhead, in dull weather; or the coming in of the mail coach.

Sir Philip English who always diffused an air of cheerfulness into whatsoever circle he entered, and could be equally good-humoured whether the company laughed with, or at him, was as pleasant an addition to the company at Blackwood, as could have been desired; and the account of some of the extraordinaries of his journey afforded no small degree of amusement to his friends.

It has been already mentioned, that the grounds belonging to Blackwood-Hall were extremely beautiful. The generosity of Sir Philip English rendered them almost as much the property of the public as of his own family. They were

constantly open to the inspection of visitors, and the use of the inhabitants of the neighbourhood, without the ceremony of a formal application. The liberal motto, which a nobleman of distinguished taste and elegance, placed over the door of his magnificent palace,—" AMICIS ET SIBI," might have been appropriately inscribed upon Blackwood-Hall.

Sir Philip had often hinted at his intention to give a rural fête, at this delightful place, and a variety of circumstances concurred to revive the idea. His sister, Mrs. Burrows, was in better health than she had enjoyed for years:—no recent fracas had indisposed the Baronet from his nephew, and the latter was the only person with whom he ever had a serious dispute:—the season was remarkably fine, and the weather perfectly serene. The subject, there-

fore, having been once more brought upon the carpet, it was resolved to put the scheme in immediate execution, at a period which seemed to be, in every respect, auspicious.

Mrs. Burrows, whose romantic imagination was inconceivably delighted with the thought, set about the arrangements with as much alacrity and attention, as if it had been the ceremonial of a coronation; and, as a necessary preliminary, wrote to her nephew, requiring his attendance.

This, of course, included an invitation to Lord Rivulet, his almost inseparable companion: and, as the two friends had contrived to relieve themselves from the burthen of a great part of their superfluous cash, by speculations at Newmarket, they the more readily turned their backs on

that scene of dissipation:—but Fortune, happening to be in a very cross mood, had reserved, for Lord Rivulet, what he thought a very serious disappointment, in addition to his recent losses.

The day his lordship and Jack English left Cambridgeshire, he was overtaken on the road by Sir Walter Dash, a brother whip, who, with four fine bays in hand, proposed to run against the yellow coach for ten miles on the turnpike road, for a thousand guineas, or the carriage and horses, at the option of the loser.

English would have dissuaded his friend from the undertaking, but his lordship reminded him that Fortune, having been so provokingly unkind, of late, would, according to the doctrine of chances, and her usual fickleness, be sure to veer about: —however, this was a great mistake, for

the goddess had still another very slippery trick in store.

The bet was made; and the issue of it was, that the yellow coach and all its whimsical ornaments were transferred to Sir Walter Dash, who, however, had the politeness to offer his lordship the use of it, for the remainder of his journey: this was declined, for his lordship's genius, always fertile in contriving expedients to recruit his pockets, suggested to him that this would be an excellent opportunity to pay his respects at Woodbury-farm,—and, accordingly, ordering the servants to proceed to Blackwood Hall, and wait their arrival there, his lordship and Captain English got into a post chaise at the next inn they came to, and drove towards the mansion of Mr. Lamprey.

The old gentleman, according to the

intelligence sent to Lord Rivulet by the housekeeper, had recovered from the alarming condition in which he was, at the time she sent for his lordship from Mr. Prendergrant's; and had resumed his accustomed exercises, and amusements. He had several times, of late, expressed a desire to see Lord Rivulet; and his lordship construed this solicitude into an indication highly favourable to his future views and expectations. Moreover, he understood from Mrs. Favourite, that Mr. Lamprey had lately quarrelled with Lord Purbeck, who stood in the same degree of relationship to him as Lord Rivulet, and had expressly directed his servants never to admit him again at Woodbury.

Jack English had never seen this precious sample of rustic extravagance and

economy, so strangely blended together in one person.

The old gentleman was gone to take his afternoon's nap at the time his visitors arrived, and they were too punctilious to disturb him. " Would you wish me to " wake my master ?" said Mrs. Favourite, as soon as Lord Rivulet had made his customary inquiries after the state of the old gentleman's health.

" By no means, Mrs. Favourite," replied his lordship ; " I do not care if he " never wake again ! "

" O ! fye, now, my lord," said the Duenna, " I am sure you have a great " regard for him ; indeed, he knows that " very well, for I take care to tell him so " ten times a day. But you can not " think how angry he was, that I let " you know of his being in that crazy fit.

"He swore and stamped like a lord,—I
"beg pardon, I am sure I did not intend
"to say so,—like an emperor, I mean:
"and he threw a bason of water-gruel at
"Shock, his favourite dog, and the dog
"flew at him, and tore off his wig, and
"if I had not interfered would have bit
"his face: and then he kicked the tea-
"kettle out of his chamber and down
"the staircase, and all because I told
"him he should not go out of door till
"your lordship came, for that I was sure
"he was *not cosmos pollitos*, and more
"fitter for a mad-house, than to go to
"London. For who knows what he
"might have done there. But I con-
"quered him at last: and he has never
"offered to talk about running away
"again, though he is very queer some-
"times."

Lord Rivulet seized the present opportunity of shewing his friend the environs of the mansion-house, which were in a condition that literally set all description at defiance; not the smallest improvement having been thought of, nor any attention paid to the gardens belonging to the house, for at least twenty years, excepting that part of them in which a few cabbages and potatoes were cultivated. The long grass, which choked up the court-yard so as scarcely to leave any room for supposing that it was paved, might have furnished, to a Scotsman, some of those picturesque ideas which have been of singular use to M'Pherson in Ossian, and to other writers among the sons of Erin. The ideas inspired by the general appearance of every thing around him, presented nothing but gloom, horror,

and desolation to the less sublime imagination of Captain English.

There had once been a fountain in the centre of the flower garden, which was close to the south front of the house. The figures of Neptune and half a dozen of Tritons and Mermaids by which the water had been formerly thrown about, were now seen in a group squatting amidst a corn-field; for the fountain had been many years dry, and the chickens were fed upon the spot, until the grain which from time to time had sown itself there, now filled all that part of the garden.

From this scene of neatness and elegance they proceeded to others not less remarkable for the changes they had undergone. At length arriving at a building which had once been a granary, but

now converted into a receptacle for tame rabbits, English was amusing himself by observing their numerous progeny, when a dirty-looking old man, in a ragged coat, and with a bundle of parsley in his hand, entered at the opposite door.

Supposing that this was the person employed in taking care of the rabbits, Jack was about to put some questions to him, when the old man, with a sort of grinning smile, asked, "Where is my lord? Is "he gone to steal corn for his horses "again?"

English starcely knew what to say; for however surprising even to him, who expected something extraordinary in the person of Mr. Lamprey, it was evident from this question of the old man, that he was the identical master of the house, notwithstanding the misery of his ap-

pearance. At all events, conceiving that an error on the right side, is always much sooner forgiven, than on the opposite one, English immediately paid his respects in a proper manner; and said that he had only a moment before lost sight of Lord Rivulet, whom he supposed to be gone into the house.

"Come along with me then," said Lamprey, "for I suppose you are his ac-"quaintance, and I want to ask you a "question or two."

Wondering in what this strange introduction would terminate, English immediately obeyed: and the old man throwing down his parsley, proceeded towards a building which seemed of more modern construction than the rest of the domestic offices; and taking a key out of his pocket, said, "Do you understand any

"thing about dogs? but I suppose not, "for very likely you are a fine gentle-"man, and leave those things to "your servants; but I never trust any "body here, but myself; unless when I "am ill."

Jack, supposing that he should conciliate Mr. Lamprey by seeming to fall in with his humour, told him, that his uncle, Sir Philip English, had been a great sportsman in the early part of his life, and that although he himself did not pretend to know much about the kennel, he was not altogether ignorant of the management of dogs.

"Never saw such a kennel as mine, "though;" said the old man, "will say "so presently. It has been built these "ten years, but never shewed it to my "lord: but Betty Favourite said he had

"got a steady young man with him, and "therefore, I thought I would give you "a treat."

He was all this time unlocking the two doors which led to the kennel. The first opening into an enclosure partially covered in; the second into the body of the building.

"No expence spared, you see, young "gentleman, hey! Did not expect to "see such a place belonging to such a "shabby old man as I am?" looking at his coat which was patched in some places, and torn in others,—and, indeed, well it might, for the moment they entered the kennel, a number of dogs of different descriptions, some the most beautiful of their species, some the ugliest, came rushing pell-mell upon the old man ready to overwhelm him with their caresses.

English was glad to find that they were so completely occupied with their attentions to their master, that *he* escaped their notice, and he was soon convinced that even the far famed gratitude and affection of the dog is not wholly disinterested; for old Lamprey, putting his hand in his pocket, took out a parcel, and then pointing to a particular spot on the floor, which, by the bye, was of black and white marble, and having a channel running through it of fine spring water,—the dogs immediately took their stand, and wistfully regarding the old man and the pavement, alternately, each received his portion of the treat. To the astonishment of English, who knew from the report of Lord Rivulet, that Mr. Lamprey scarcely allowed himself the ordinary comforts of life, much less the luxuries

of the table, the repast was the most delicate which can be conceived. To one the wing or leg of a fowl. The breast of a duck to another; a pidgeon to the third; and after a distribution of the respective parts according to their several fancies, for the old man assured Jack that he knew the likings and antipathies of every one of his dogs,—he called a particular favourite to him, and gave him a large piece of rich plumb-cake—" There, you " rogue," said Lamprey with his usual grin, " you shall have some widgeon to-" morrow, or else some stewed eel."

He then conducted his visitor through the most elegant building, of the kind, perhaps, in Europe, far surpassing in elegance even the superb kennel of the late Duke of Richmond at Goodwood; and with much self complacency, bade

him guess how much the expense of it had been.

English ingratiated himself into the favour of the old man by commending his dogs, and praising his taste: and he was so well pleased with him that he gave him a more cordial invitation to the farm, than he had ever been known to bestow upon his most intimate acquaintance.

Jack, however, found that all the delicacies were reserved for the kennel, and that the provisions at Mr. Lamprey's table were perfectly accordant with the parsimony and meanness of his dress and appearance; the poultry, rabbits, and, in short, all the supernumerary comforts to be found about the premises, being entirely set apart for the use of the dogs.

The method by which Lord Rivulet usually contrived to keep Mr. Lamprey

in good humour with him, was to offer his services on some unimportant occasion, and in such cases the old gentleman has even stretched his purse strings, in return.

At this time, he had taken it into his head, that Mrs. Favourite, his house-keeper, had been privately married to a young man in the village; and although there was not the slightest ground for such a suspicion, had been incessantly fretful and peevish about it. He communicated his suspicions to Lord Rivulet, and requested that he would examine the parish register in order to ascertain the truth. "I hate the parson," said the old man, "and if I were to go myself he would "either make me pay for it, or try to "marry me to one of his daughters."

This inuendo was afterwards explained

by the information, that the rector had a large family, chiefly consisting of daughters, of whom two or three were marriageable; and that both himself and his prudent spouse took all proper opportunities of recommending them to the notice of visitors.

"*Such things are,*" said Jack English; "I wish Mr. Lamprey would send me "to the rector, instead of your Lordship."

The alteration was soon made, and English set out on a visit to Mr. Halford.

As he approached the house, he observed a goodly looking matron sitting with her daughters in a parlour, with the windows wide open towards the road; and distinctly heard her give notice of his arrival. "Girls, girls, who is it coming? "Do you not see the gentleman on the "grey horse? Well, I am very glad of "it, for I have not seen any creature in

" the shape of a gentleman, besides your " father, for this fortnight. Get your " music ready, he will most likely stop to " supper."

" A pretty friendly hint," said English: who giving his horse to the servant, intimated that he wished to see Mr. Halford, alone. He was immediately conducted into the garden, and found the clergyman smoking his pipe in what had once been a green house, but of late converted into an aviary. Here, in the heat of an afternoon's brilliant sun, amidst the din of about a score of canary-birds, thrushes, bullfinches, and a variety of other feathered songsters, straining their throats in a manner absolutely distracting, sat the " little round fat oily man of God," described by the poet Thomson, in his " Castle of Indolence;" whilst one of his

daughters was playing on a piano-forte, with a pedal organ, and his son, a stout youth of fourteen, blowing the French horn on the opposite side of the garden.

Captain English, therefore, made his entrée with as much noise, as that which attends the meeting of two kings in a tragedy. It is true, the young lady left off playing on the appearance of the stranger, but her brother continued his amusement, and the tuneful choir seemed to vie with each other in deafening exertions.

Mr. Halford received the Captain politely, and having understood the nature of his business, promised immediate satisfaction, on condition that he would take a glass of wine with him, whilst his son went to the church for the register.

" My curate usually officiates on such " occasions, particularly for the inferior

"inhabitants of the parish," said the rector, "but it is immediately to be ascer-"tained."

The book was brought, and a long and ineffectual search made to discover whether Mrs. Favourite was married, on a certain day, to Mr. Dainty.

"Favourite, Favourite," said the parson; "there is something which strikes "my recollection about that name. Let "us inquire of Mrs. Halford."

With this pretext they adjourned to the drawing room, where the good lady, who had already noticed Captain English in so obliging a manner, was waiting with impatience to receive her visitor.

"My dearest life," said the rector, who always,—at least before company, addressed his well-beloved in the tenderest accents;—"do you not know a Mrs. Fa-

" vourite, in the circle of your acquaint-
" ance."

" Perfectly well, to be sure, Mr. Hal-
" ford: you know she called here but the
" other day."

" Nay, my angel, but indeed I did not:
" I only had a faint idea of the name;
" and thought you might be able to assist
" my recollection."

" Dear me, why to think that you
" should forget Mrs. Favourite! Do you
" not remember her singing those beauti-
" ful lines which Elvira played on the
" harpsichord?"

" Indeed, I do not," said the parson.

" Why was there ever such a memory,
" as yours, Mr. Halford? You know she
" sang two or three songs here; particu-
" larly that about, —— dear me, Elvira,
" what was the song?"

"I do not recollect any thing of it," said the young lady, rather haughtily.

"How very strange now!" rejoined the old lady; "why the song she made her-"self: humph—humph—*My own dear* "*somebody*.—Aye, *My own dear some-*"*body*. That was the song; I thought I "should remember it at last."

"You do not mean to say, my sweet-"est creature," said her fond husband, "that she made that old ditty."

"No, Mr. Halford, not the whole of it; "but surely you must remember that she "put in an additional stanza. Elvira, do "recollect it. Let me see—

"*And steal a look at somebody*."

"That could not be the new stanza, "Mrs. Halford," said the parson.

"No, I do not say that it was; but "it was something very much like it."

"Well, well, my best love," resumed the divine, never mind the song: "where "does this ingenious acquaintance reside?"

"Why Mr. Halford, she lives — you "know where she lives very well."

"Indeed I do not, my angel!"

"She lives at — at — lud bless me, "where is it Harriet?"

"I never heard the name in my life," said the young lady to whom Mrs. Halford had addressed herself, "unless as the "housekeeper of the notorious Mrs. "Clarke."

This declaration produced a laugh, and whether the subject was driven out of Mrs. Halford's head by it, or she were weary with conjecturing, she made no farther attempt to ascertain where Mrs. Favourite lived. Recollection had nothing to do with it; for, in fact she knew no

such person, and had only thus, by a sort of proleptical civility, attempted to amuse her *caro sposo*.

The inquiry being so far satisfied, Captain English would have returned to Woodbury, but the parson and Mrs. Halford united their entreaties, that he would be their guest for the remainder of the evening; and the music, both vocal and instrumental, of the young ladies, had such a fascinating influence, that Jack could not easily disengage himself.

By way of strengthening the inducement, Mr. Halford proposed a walk in the gardens of Lord Avonside; and his gay visitor readily embraced an opportunity of seeing a place of which he had frequently heard the most extravagant panegyric.

Mrs. Halford and two of her daughters remained at home, admonishing the rector

and his party, on leaving them, that they should not suffer the fineness of the evening to make them forget the supper-hour.

Halford amused the Captain with an encomium upon the liberality and condescension of his titled neighbour, whom he represented as a paragon of human excellence. In short, if his panegyrist had expected to be called to the next vacant bishopric, at the solicitation or by the interest of Lord Avonside, he could not have chaunted his praises with more zeal and alacrity. "I have heard a very dif-"ferent character of his Lordship," said Jack; "my uncle, who seldom disguises "his sentiments respecting any man, and "who at the same time has no ill-nature in "his disposition, allows my Lord to be a po-"lite man, but he always says he is the "most versatile, inconsistent being in the

" world; that to-day he takes a man by the
" hand, and promises his life and fortune
" in support of him; and the next, denies
" any knowledge of having seen him, or
" even in a case of urgency, his own hand
" writing."

" I know," replied the parson, " that
" such things are said; but, Captain, no
" man can escape calumny, though as
" chaste as ice or pure as snow: and it is
" my most firm belief, that such stories
" as those you allude to, are the mere in-
" ventions of my dear Lord's enemies.
" For my own part, during these twelve
" months that I have resided under his
" wing, as I may call it, I have uniform-
" ly experienced kindness, friendship,
" and consistency. Even the circum-
" stance of being kindly indulged with
" the permission to walk in these delight-

" ful gardens is a proof of his lordship's " liberality."

They were now arrived at the gate of the elysium which the Miss Halfords were celebrating all the way as they walked, with as much glee and delight as that which seemed to inspire their father when speaking of his lordship's personal merit.

Mr. Halford knocked at the gate, which was opened by the porter.—" Whom do " you want, Sir?"

" We are only just going to take a " walk in the gardens," replied the parson.

" There is no admittance," said the porter.— " How?" said Mr. Halford, " not for my family?—You know me, I " think."

" Yes," rejoined the porter, " but I

"have positive orders that you shall not "be admitted."

"Is the family here?" said the parson.

"No, Sir, but my lord has sent down "orders that he will not have any of the "inhabitants of the town admitted with-"in these gates."

"Very extraordinary, indeed, Mr. "Porter. There must be some mistake; "I am sure my lord would have, at least, "excepted my family from the interdict. "Do you know the reason of it?"

"Not at all," said the porter, drily; "I suppose it is one of my lord's whims:" closing the gate as he spoke, and giving Mr. Halford an opportunity either of returning home, or choosing some other walk.

It was a most unlucky incident, and like all unlucky incidents, Mr. Halford

thought it particularly ill-timed. He, however, consoled himself as well as he could, for the disappointment of the Captain by shewing him the plantations and the river at a distance, which it had been his intention of giving him an opportunity of inspecting more nearly.

English was too polite to make any pointed remarks on the circumstance; and only observed, that it was fortunate some of his acquaintances had not heard this proof of Lord Avonside's kindness and consistency.

Having perambulated the principal walks in the neighbourhood, and thus afforded the Captain an opportunity of "stealing a glance at somebody,"— of witnessing in some degree the mental accomplishments as well as personal charms of the divine Elvira, as her mother called

her, the party bent their steps towards the rectory, where, instead of preparations for supper, Mrs. Halford had lighted up her drawing room as if for a route: and sate on a sofa near the entrance just ready to receive company.

"My dearest life," said the parson, as he entered the room: "what have you "been doing? I thought supper would "have been ready by this time."

"I thought," replied the lady, "that "the Captain would, perhaps, like to take "a dance."

"Not in preference to his supper," rejoined her husband, "I should suppose."

"I will be very candid," said the matron; "my daughter and I have been very busy, "and we forgot the supper."

"Gracious heavens," cried the parson,

" is it possible? What were you doing,
" then?"

" Tasting the elder wine, Mr. Hal-
" ford!—and it is very good, indeed."

This assertion was perfectly true; and Captain English, before Mrs. Halford *attempted* to leave the room, had abundant reason to be convinced that it was no fable.

A repast was at length prepared; and afterwards, in spite of fatigue, and every other objection, Jack was compelled to dance, first with one of the young ladies and then with another, and to admire them all, with so much ardour and animation, that it became doubtful whether he would ever be permitted to depart.

Nor could he retire until he had promised to repeat his visit, before he left that part of the country.

Mr. Lamprey's whole family, excepting Mrs. Favourite, who had sate up to watch for the return of Captain English, had retired to rest long before the hour at which he had left Mr. Halford's, and his house was at the distance of more than two miles from Woodbury.

A small farm, nearly contiguous to Mr. Lamprey's garden-wall, was the only habitation in the immediate vicinity, and the path which led from the rectory passed close by it. The moon shone bright, and as Jack English approached, he observed a number of persons standing at the door, in great apparent confusion, and a countryman in a round frock galloping out of the yard as fast as he could.

He naturally enough inquired the meaning of what he saw; and an old

woman explained it, "Oh, Sir! my "poor master has been dead these two "days, and he got up just now, and "tried to jump out of the window. We "have sent for the doctor, but I am afraid "it is too late; do come in and look at "him."

Jack, whose curiosity, on extraordinary occasions, never wanted much prompting, immediately accompanied them up stairs, where he saw a dead corpse lying on the bed, in such a state as to convince him immediately, that there must be some mistake about the business. But all the attendants solemnly insisted upon it, that they had left the old farmer decently laid out, and were only gone down stairs to take a little refreshment, when thinking that they heard a noise above, they all ran up together, and found their master lying

on the floor near the window which was wide open.

Jack heard the story, which was delivered with gaping wonder, and going to the window perceived a ladder elevated against the side of the house. "Did "your master bring the ladder hither?" said English. The nurse was now in a greater surprise than ever: and as her conjectures on the subject would have been endless, so it will be better to explain to the reader at once, the occasion of the confusion, rather than leave him in the like dilemma.

Woodbury was at no very considerable distance from one of those seminaries of science for which academicians are always taught especially to pray. Here, in the "black majesty" of the professor's gown, twice or thrice a year, a certain officer

is rewarded with a handsome salary for demonstrating the structure and functions of the human body, by lecturing upon a *caput mortuum*:—to shew that a man has two ears, and only one tongue,—and why; and that he has often more brains than he can tell what to do with. To prove, moreover, that port wine is not blood; and that a bullet of lead may remain in one of the auricles of the heart, for years, without interrupting the circulation. For these and other good causes and considerations, the said professor, by way of illustrating his discourses and giving additional solemnity to them, thinks it proper, if not necessary, to have a dead body decently covered with a cloth, upon a table before him, during the season of lecturing.

This practice being excessively trouble-

some, and in some instances offensive, had been discontinued for many years; and the contrivance of substituting one of the servitors, or an under manciple, or sometimes a chorister, who was to *act the part of the dead man*, had been happily devised instead of it. In such cases, the lecturer was content to uncover the face of the supposed corpse; and to suggest, that a description of the internal structure, would be as well understood by his auditors as if accompanied by dissections. But it so happened that one of the fellows employed on such an occasion fell asleep, and snored so audibly that the pupils of the lecturer became alarmed, and ran out of the anatomical school as fast as they could, which brought so much disgrace upon the lecturer, who ought not to have been blamed for such an accident, that he

had been induced to procure a *real dead man* at all subsequent meetings.

The persons employed for this purpose had fixed their mind on the deceased farmer at Woodbury, and accordingly proceeded thither, in search of him. Seizing the opportunity of which the conversation below stairs gave them due notice, one of them ascended the ladder, entered the room, and very dexterously slipped the farmer out of the window into the hands of his associate, upon the ladder, who being a man of experience in such affairs, immediately perceived that he was not *meet for his master's table*, and therefore, tumbled him again head foremost into the room, without any farther ceremony: being more intent upon securing a retreat, without detection, than particular about the position of the dead

man, who being found lying under the window by the bed side, had immediately suggested to the nurses the idea of the deceased having been in *a trance*, and thus, as before related, having attempted to get out of window.

With due regard for their old master, as well as for the credit of their own vigilance, they had immediately dispatched the servant full speed, for the first physician he could find; and it was this rustic whom Captain English had seen riding from the door.

The discovery which had been made of the ladder, had, in a considerable degree, damped the hopes of the good woman, respecting the farmer's resuscitation; and Jack told them, that since Doctor Hawes was dead, who used to reanimate persons when they had been a week or two under

water, there was nobody who would pretend to restore their master: so that they now awaited the arrival of the Doctor, rather as a matter of ceremony, than of even probable advantage.

"I should like to hear what a physi-
"cian can say on such a case," said Eng-
"lish: and will, therefore, give him the
"meeting myself."

He went to Mr. Lampreys, and having apprised Mrs. Favourite of his intention, and the occasion of it, returned to the farm-house, and remained there till the doctor came.

"You are returned very soon," said the nurse, as the servant re-entered the house followed by the doctor.

"Yes," said the man, "for luckily
"the gentleman was out a mushrooming
"and I knowed as how he was a *vice doc-*

"*tor* by his looks, and so I begged him
"to get upon sorrel, and he came di-
"rectly."

The physician was a thin meagre figure, with white hair, and eyebrows, and a delectable squint, which gave him the appearance of much *circumspection*, for one of his eye-balls was thrust so much out of the socket by natural deformation, that it appeared to enable him almost to see behind him, and certainly in every other direction; whilst the other eye was fixed in such a manner, as to regard whatever approached him, by any other than a straight line.

This circumstance produced a small mistake, for whilst the nurse was haranguing him upon the fright she had undergone, his eyes were goggling upon the kitchen wench who sate in the chimney-

corner, and when the doctor said, "Shew "me the way up stairs;" the girl started up, and availing herself of so honourable a preference, immediately preceded the professor, to the great injury and disparagement of the house-keeper and the nurse, who looked upon each other, and then upon Captain English, as if appealing to him, on account of so glaring a breach of politeness.

"I do not like his looks at all," said the house-keeper; "if the old gentleman "had not been dead, the looks of the "doctor would have killed him."

They arrived at the bed-side; the physician took hold of the dead man's hand, with as much solemnity as Earl Percy is represented wringing the hand of a dying warrior in the ballad of Chevy Chace.—His eyes, one on the bed-post, the other

glancing at Captain English, to whom he made a slight bow, which was returned by a curtesy from the kitchen-maid, who thought it was intended for her. " Humph! how long have you been ill?" said the doctor:—he then shook the farmer, finding him make no reply, and desired him to put out his tongue. " Humph! Quite comatose. Does he " sleep constantly, nurse?"

" Sleep, Sir?" said the woman, very angrily, " he is dead:" the last word she pronounced with considerable vehemence, imagining that the doctor must be deaf, if he had not heard her account of the circumstance, below stairs: but he shewed her that he was not, for he jumped a foot high, let fall the hand of the farmer, and retreating to the farther side of the room. " Why did you send for me then?" add-

ed he, in a querulous tone: "you have "interrupted my botany in the finest "morning we have had this season."

"I know nothing about your *buttery*," replied the old woman; "I shall pay you "your fee;—but is there any thing to be "done for my master?"

A little mollified by this observation, the doctor gave one more look askance at the farmer, (indeed it was doubtful whether he had ever seen him before) and, it is presumed, by way of seeming to deserve his fee, told the nurse to boil a handful of chickweed with a piece of *lamb's* lungs, and attempt to make her master swallow some of it: then receiving his fee, left the room, with an air so perfectly inanimate, that Jack English, when describing the doctor, whom he designated by the title of *lamb's pluck*, always said, that he could com-

pare his insipidity to nothing else, but *a bason of water-gruel thrown out of an hospital window.*

The doctor returned to his place of abode; but the story of the farmer of Woodbury had got there before him, and for several days almost every one who met him inquired after his patient, and congratulated him on having so well hit upon the case.

Mr. Lamprey always arose with the lark, and, on going to visit his dogs, was met by Captain English, who gave him a faithful account of the success of his inquiries at the rectory, and diverted him extremely with a description of his adventures there; but the old man could scarcely contain himself, when he related the history of the stealing of the farmer, and the subsequent visit of the doctor.

"It is the same ugly fellow," said he, "whom I set my dogs upon. He comes "poaching about here, under pretence of "picking up herbs and weeds; but I have "a natural antipathy to all hedge va- "grants, and I told him, that if ever I "caught him here again, I would take "him to the justice. I had a great mind "to have searched him, but I did not "know but he might have put an adder "in his pocket, for he was scrambling "about the dunghill a long time; and, "as he is purblind, I thought it probable "that he might have done so, for they "swarm there."

Jack English had now time to reflect upon what had passed, the preceding evening, at the rectory. He had met with something more than mere encouragement from the young lady who had been, in a

manner, forced upon his notice; and the solicitude of her mother, to fix his attention upon Miss Elvira Halford was too glaring to have escaped his observation.

To a young man, gay, dissipated, and unreflecting, pursuing gallantry, even for fashion's sake; and, regardless of any personal risk or danger incurred on such occasions, the temptation held out by this vain and weak woman, aided by the equally vain and ridiculous affectation of her daughter, was a signal which was not likely to be overlooked.

There could not be the remotest probability that a young man, who was heir to an estate so considerable as that of Sir Philip English, with the best opportunities of forming a splendid alliance whenever he might be disposed to marry, from the introduction he had had among the gay and

fashionable circles in the metropolis, would fall violently in love with a young lady, whom he had never seen before, merely because she seemed to court his advances, at the very first visit:—nevertheless, Mrs. Halford assured her daughter that she had made a conquest; and vouched for it, because she heard the Captain sigh as he mounted his horse.

How dangerous are such lessons for young women! We will, however, leave Mrs. Hannah More to pray and preach on the subject, and, instead of precept, afford to our fair countrywomen an example which is recorded for their benefit and instruction, rather than entertainment.

English told Lord Rivulet the story of "his own dear somebody:" and, added, that he really meant nothing but a frolic, in which, if his lordship would concur,

he expected much amusement for themselves, and equal mortification to the Halfords.

No sooner said than done: they were to take leave of Mr. Lamprey the next day, and his lordship had the mortification of leaving him in a state of health so much improved, and of spirits so much heightened, by having ascertained that his old housekeeper had not clandestinely transferred her allegiance, from a master to a husband, that there was no calculation to be formed, upon the chances even of survivorship, still less of early possession of Woodbury estate.

The old gentleman having, for this time, escaped, his visitors knew his disposition too well, to make theirs a *Winchester* visit; and, therefore, proceeded towards Blackwood-Hall.

It was not the intention of English to go thither, however, until he had put in practice the scheme, by which he had proposed to humiliate the Halford family. At the first stage, therefore, having procured a smart active lad, for a postillion, and bribed him to a promise of secrecy, they caused themselves to be driven towards the village in which Mr. Halford resided:—here, at a small inn, Lord Rivulet ordered the postillion to put on a suit of his clothes, and furnished him with a letter from Captain English to present himself to the Halfords, as his friend Lord Rivulet. The fellow played his part so well, that he was received, by Mrs. Halford, with the utmost cordiality, and entertained, by the young ladies, with their accustomed gaiety:—passing the evening there, without any fear of detection.

In the mean time, Lord Rivulet and his friend were enjoying themselves at the inn; waiting however, for the return of his lordship's deputy, with some degree of impatience, for the postillion had found it almost as difficult to get out of the house as English had done before.

At a very late hour he returned, and gave a curious account of his reception and entertainment. The fellow expressed himself extremely well; had travelled (indeed, that was a circumstance connected with his profession); and was by no means deficient in any of the requisites for rendering himself agreeable to the Halfords.

He could sing, too; and that was considered as a most important accomplishment. He had, therefore, contributed his share to the amusements of the evening,

insomuch, that they were highly delighted with his company, and assured him that Mr. Halford would not fail to pay his respects to his lordship, early in the morning.

English told him that he had done wrong to say that he was at the inn, but the fellow observed, that it was impossible to avoid it, without discovering the imposition, or affording Mr. Halford an opportunity of doing it, immediately; whereas it would be very easy to elude the parson's inquiries, by driving out of the town at an early hour, and leaving a message, for Mr. Halford, at the inn. But Lord Rivulet liked the frolic so well, that he insisted on keeping it up, and it was agreed upon, that the postillion was to keep out of sight; and his lordship undertook for the remainder. He, therefore, equipped him-

self in the postillion's jacket, and as he was an admirable hand at cracking a whip, would have had no hesitation in the performance of any of the duties of the character he had assumed, if it would serve to increase amusement.

The excuse made for Captain English was, that business detained him at Woodbury, and he should only have an opportunity of calling, *en passant*, the next day; but in the interim was desirous of affording, both to the family of Halford and his friend Lord Rivulet, the pleasure which he was sure they would reciprocally feel, on being presented to each other.

Such being the sentiment conveyed in the letter by which the postillion had gained admission into the family of Mr. Halford, it was not difficult to pursue the

scheme, thus entered upon. "Follow "up your good fortune with as much "address as possible," said English to the postillion, "if you get into the house "again: for I perceive that Lord Ri-"vulet is inclined to give you a dinner "at the parson's expence."

The postillion, alias Lord Rivulet, had had his cue from his employers, not to fall in love with Miss Elvira, and he had, therefore, been most particular in his attentions to Miss Sarah, one of her elder sisters, who though not quite so hand-some as Elvira, had a fine sparkling eye which made her a great favourite among the gentlemen: indeed, as her mother often remarked, she was *her own girl*, as she was the only one of her daughters whom she could prevail upon to flirt with the gentlemen before she was fourteen

years old, whereas she herself was married at sixteen, and soon afterwards entered upon the cares of a family.

Lord Rivulet, thinking that it would be best to anticipate the parson's visit, without saying a word even to Jack English of his intention, inquired his way to the rectory, and knocking at the door with his whip under his arm, and his hat cocked a little over his eye in the *natty* style of a jockey, asked for Mr. Halford. "Whom "do you belong to?" said the servant, who opened the door.

"That is no business of yours, my "buck," said the supposed post-boy; "let me see your master." He was accordingly admitted, and thus gained a sight of the bevy of females belonging to his reverence the Rector. "My Lord "Rivulet sends his compliments to you,

"Sir, and as he does not expect Captain "English till the afternoon, will do him-"self the favour of eating his dinner "with you, if agreeable, but in the mean "time hopes you will have no objection, "nor the young ladies any, if he desires "to give them an airing in a post-chaise "for an hour or two."

A conference was immediately holden, and the result of it was a very polite message and invitation, and a promise that Miss Elvira and her sister would be ready to attend his lordship whenever he would be pleased to appoint. "Oh!" said the postillion, "my lord bade me say he "would call here in about an hour."

The young ladies were punctual to the time of the appointment: but not so his lordship, who sent word, by the same messenger, that he was disappointed of

horses, and must, therefore, apologize for not giving the ladies an airing, when he came to dinner.

He did so, was received with increasing kindness by the female branches of the family, and with all due respect by the parson. The possession of a title covers a thousand defects. Every thing was attributed to the best motive. His lordship's condescension and good-humour were a veil for a few vulgarisms in conversation; and if he was not so good a classic as his reverend entertainer, it was duly considered, that, like William of Wykeham, he might become the patron of learning, although destitute of it himself. In short the day passed off with the utmost conviviality, nothing was wanting to render the family completely happy, but the presence of Captain English:

and Mrs. Halford discovered, long before the dinner was removed, that his lordship had a *penchant* for her second daughter.

On the verge of the evening, a post-chaise with four horses stopped at the door.—" Here is the Captain, as I hope " to live!" exclaimed Mrs. Halford.—It was so; he descended from the chaise in great haste, shook hands with Mr. Halford, and turning to the supposed Lord Rivulet, said, " My dear lord, the soli-" citor is in great haste and, therefore, I " must immediately proceed to the next " stage, in order to meet the mail, by " which we expect some important pa-" pers: I insist upon it, that I do not " take you from the exquisite enjoyment " of this charming society. I see you are " very happy. I trust you will remain so.

"Adieu. Mr. Halford, Mrs. Halford, I "am yours. Ladies your most obedient "servant," and stepping into the chaise again with great composure, bade the drivers go on, kissing his hand as the carriage left the door.

Whatever might be the degree of disappointment felt by the Halfords, at thus losing the agreeable Captain, they had the satisfaction of still retaining my lord, and they determined to make the most of him; insomuch, that, what with eating and drinking, singing and dancing, making love and making merry, bright Phœbus had regilded the tops of the hills, before the party were disposed to break up, and his pretended lordship having returned becoming thanks for the hospitalities he had experienced, promised a speedy repetition of his visit, pressed

Miss Sarah by the hand and intimated his wish to be permitted to write to her, hastened to the inn, changed his clothes, resumed his post-boy's jacket, and in all good conscience drove his returned chaise past the rectory towards his master's house, where he gave a good account of his expedition: which in about the same space of time was also communicated to the Halford family by means of the hostler and drivers belonging to the inn in the village; who not being sworn to secrecy seemed to derive a sort of insolent pleasure in thus exposing their brother post, who, however, it must be confessed, made as good a lord as many of those who are born to the title.

From delicacy to the parties we will not say what happened in the family on this disclosure, what opprobrious epithets de-

filed even the parson's mouth, nor what *railing accusation* the ladies brought against each other on account of their respective credulity: these things were no secret in the village, for the hubbub was very great; and the rector opened all his windows, that his neighbours, as he said, might be edified by the "sweet converse" of his wife and daughters!

...ORE MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S SARASWATI MAHAL.

CHAPTER XVII.

HAVING accomplished the scheme by which they had been desirous of punishing the arrogance of the dissipated family to whom the reader has just been introduced, Captain English and Lord Rivulet pursued their journey; and arrived safe at Blackwood-Hall, where all the family were busily employed in preparing for the intended entertainment.

Every day increased the number of visitors, till the hall was no longer capable of holding the guests; and accommodations were procured for them in the neighbourhood. Dean Chaloner was among the company, and in order to

make room for a party of ladies from the Isle of Wight, removed with his lady from Blackwood-Hall, to a farm-house about half a mile distant from it.

Here, also, Lord Rivulet contrived to be accommodated with an apartment under pretence of being near the Dean, but it did not escape the observant eye of Mrs. Burrows, that there was another and more fascinating object of allurement.

The entertainment was conducted on the most liberal and magnificent scale, with the utmost attention to the comfort and convenience of the company, and in such a manner, that they were free from constraint and ceremony, while circumscribed within the strictest rules of propriety and decorum.

The company assembled in the morn-

ing, to an elegant breakfast, or rather collation, which was laid out in tents pitched in the gardens, in the order of an encampment.

Two bands of music attended, and the *déjeúné* being over, the party promenaded the grounds, and were entertained by the exhibition of a variety of rural amusements:—a cricket match;—morris dancing, and the usual festivities of a country wake,—to these were added, raffles, and a Dutch fair. Lord Rivulet and his lively friend, Jack English, contributed in no small degree to the amusement of the company, by an excellent donkey-race, in the dress of chimney-sweepers, which went off with great *éclat*: and afterwards in two of the humorous characters, so admirably sustained by Grimaldi and Bo-

logna in the theatrical entertainments of the metropolis; which they performed with uncommon skill.

A most sumptuous dinner succeeded, which was served up in the principal apartments of the mansion-house, and although no oxen were roasted whole, the noble baron of beef was displayed with true British grandeur, and every delicacy of the season distributed with the greatest profusion. The company entertained at dinner amounted in number to at least five hundred persons; all of whom seemed highly delighted with the hospitality of Sir Philip English.

In the evening the gardens were brilliantly illuminated with several thousands of coloured lamps, which had a most pleasing effect, particularly in the charm-

ing avenue leading to the south front of the house. Here a variety of admirable transparencies were also displayed.

A numerous party danced on the lawn; the tents in which they had taken breakfast being stored with abundance of cold provisions, liqueurs, negus, lemonade, ices, jellies, and other confectionary.

The entertainments were conducted, throughout, with the greatest harmony and conviviality; and the amusements of the evening were terminated by a display of artificial fire-works in Mr. Neale's best manner.

Philosophers and moralists have often admonished their readers, to reflect on the various scenes of suffering which embitter the most joyous moments to thousands, whilst the thoughtless world is as

gay as ever; to remember, amidst the scenes of festivity which are all delight and jollity to them :—

"How many feel, this very moment, death,
"And all the sad variety of pain!
"How many sink in the devouring flood,
"Or more devouring flame!

* * * * * * * * * *

"How many pine in want, and dungeon glooms,
"Shut from the common air, and common use
"Of their own limbs; how many drink the cup
"Of baleful grief, or eat the bitter bread
"Of misery!"

A compliance with this injunction would undoubtedly check the arrogance of the presumptuous; and, if any thing could do it, soften the disposition of the churlish. It would moderate all that is offensive in mirth, and, if I may be al-

lowed the expression, sober the mind, amidst the turbulence of debauchery.

But the young and gay will not comply with it: the old think themselves wise enough without instruction, and disdain it: the strong and healthy disclaim any interest in such remarks; and the weak and vapourish tell you, that they walk continually in the valley of the shadow of death, and it is cruelty to increase their gloom. When misfortune comes, —it was always unexpected; sickness was without its warnings; accident—was of such a peculiar nature as to have set even anticipation at defiance. Therefore nobody bears the one, or the other, without incessant repinings, unmanly cowardice, or shameful despondency.

Even the melancholy death of Lord

O'Shannon, though lamented with the keenest sensibility and most poignant grief by his widow and her whole family, was insufficient to produce, in the minds of those upon whom its influence was most severely exerted, that calm rational preparation for the unavoidable evils of life, or that philosophical temper of calmness and fortitude, which, by bearing them patiently, diminishes more than half their force :—and when it was announced early the next morning, that Lord Rivulet and Mrs. Chaloner, availing themselves of the confusion of the evening, had gone off together in a post-chaise for London,—it was followed by the most extravagant gusts of grief and resentment.

In vain did Sir Philip English interpose his good offices with his friend Mr. Prendergrant. The sorrows of a father were

not to be soothed:—in vain did Mrs. Burrows, with the sincerest desire to alleviate a sister's feelings on such an occasion, intermix her condolences with a thousand proofs of the evident attachment of Lord Rivulet to Mrs. Chaloner, which seemed scarcely to be concealed from any one. Not the least suspicion had arisen: her sister was all prudence, all circumspection; all chastity, till this one unguarded, unfortunate moment. The Dean was perhaps the least outrageous of the three: but he breathed vengeance in a full stream; and, when the first transports were over, hinted at something like compensation for dishonour, which aroused the proud British feelings of Sir Philip English so effectually, that the Baronet was betrayed into unusual warmth on the occasion. "I am sorry

" and concerned to hear such an observa-
" tion from your lips, Mr. Dean. This
" is one of the shameful evils of *Modern*
" *Times.* It is to the abominable traffic
" in immorality, at which pagans might
" blush, that I attribute the multitude of
" instances of recent date, in which
" women, naturally virtuous, are suffer-
" ed to slide into error by those who
" ought to guard and protect their per-
" sons, and strengthen and purify their
" minds."

" But you know, Sir Philip," said the Dean, " that there is no other punish-
" ment for offenders in this way."

" That there is not, the laws might
" perhaps be blamed, if experience had
" not abundantly shewn," replied Sir Philip, " that the multiplication of penal
" statutes, so far from diminishing the

"number of offences, has caused them "to increase almost incalculably. But I "contend that this is no punishment at "all. Nay, the law itself does not look "upon it as such. A measure of da-"mages is awarded in proportion to the "supposed injury. It is a commutation, "not a punishment. There may be a "case in which no damages could be "conscientiously awarded: yet the of-"fence has been committed, though it "can not be punished as you call it. On "the other hand, the love of money, the "sordid, dastardly, groveling love of "money, tempts some men to connive at "their own disgrace, and the ruin of their "wife, and many to submit to it, under "impressions not much connected with "the turpitude and infamy of the affair, "who, if there were no such measure of

" remuneration, would have been a thou-
" sand times more vigilant in their at-
" tentions to secure the fidelity and ho-
" nour of their marriage bed."

" Nobody knows how long the Baro-
" net's speech might have lasted," as Mrs. Burrows observed to Jack English when she was closeted with him on this subject, if it had not been interrupted by a letter, which the servant, who brought it in, said, had been left at the gate by a traveller who received it from a gentleman in a post-chaise about twenty miles on the road.

The letter was addressed to the Dean, informing him that Mrs. Chaloner having some reasons to be dissatisfied with his conduct towards her, had placed herself under the *protection* of a person whom she really loved, and who had proved the

sincerity of his passion for her, by sacrificing perhaps his best prospects in life on the altar of her affections. The letter concluded with the following remarkable words: "If you think yourself wronged "by my protector, the most amicable way "of adjusting the account will be to let "him know what might be the value which "you have set upon me. I have reason "to think that he prizes me, at least, as "high as yourself, and will I dare say "pay the money, if it be not more than "he thinks me worth, without the trouble "of sounding *a horn* in the courts of "equity about so silly an affair."

"A pretty letter," said Sir Philip, and immediately gave up the argument, and left the room. The Dean also left the room, and prepared for his de-

parture to London to take counsel on the occasion.

Sir Philip went to his sister's chamber, where he found his nephew. "Jack," said the Baronet, "this is a shocking "affair: and I trust that you are too "much a man of honour to have conni- "ved at it."

The Captain assured his uncle, that Lord Rivulet had never opened his lips to him on the subject, otherwise than in the same manner in which he had always very openly and publickly professed, that he had a regard for Mrs. Chaloner, and intended to have made her Lady Rivulet, if Dean Dick had not been a sly dog, and taken her out of his hands. "Surely, Sir," he added, "you must have "perceived their evident partiality for "one another."

"Not I," said Sir Philip, "I never "saw any thing remarkable, besides his "handing her the tea-cup, or so."

"Oh my dear brother, what an obser-"ver," said Mrs. Burrows, "you would "have made an excellent husband for "vigilance and carefulness, such as you "were preaching up to the Dean just "now."

"Aye, sister, and let me tell you, that "I should have been as keen-sighted as "Argus if I had been her husband: my "not being so was the reason why I "never made it my business to look after "them."

"None are half so blind," said she, "as the jealous, for whilst they are strain-"ing their optics after imaginary atoms, "they are heedless of every thing around "them; but Chaloner must have been

" quite blind, if he could not perceive " the assiduities of Lord Rivulet; every " body, excepting you, my dear brother, " must have perceived his partiality for " the lady: nay, I shall always think that " the Dean himself——"

" Hush, hush, sister, we will have no " scandal; consider the very reverend " gentleman! for your own immaculate " sex's sake, sister, I entreat you forbear."

The good Baronet satisfied that his nephew had not been consulted on this occasion, admonished him of the opportunity which it would afford of weaning himself from his intimacy with Lord Rivulet; but Jack observed, that such affairs of gallantry were now thought nothing of, and that now-a-days ladies sometimes were permitted to return to their injured husbands, or in other cases amicably al-

lowed to remain under the protection of their paramour, whilst his own wife continued to live with him as usual.

The Baronet said, that the whole world was turned topsy-turvy; and that the nation was become as bad in its morals "under our most religious and most "gracious King," as in the dissipated reign of Charles the Second, when the prolific favourites of the monarch were publicly acknowledged, and publicly honoured, and their illegitimate issue seen crowding the royal palaces, in numbers almost equal to the frogs which visited king Pharaoh.

But, however indignant Sir Philip might feel, at the bare mention of a pecuniary recompence for conjugal infidelity, he was by no means insensible to the claims of friendship, on the part of

Mr. Prendergrant; and offered his services in any manner in which they might be useful. The Dean was a person for whom, indeed, Sir Philip felt no particular cordiality. They were opposite in their temper and disposition; and there existed nothing of that sympathetic attachment which often unaccountably seems to approximate congenial minds, and instinctively generates the sacred principle of friendship. But he had long, very long, known and valued the father of the lady who had made this fatal slip; and esteemed it an indispensable duty to assist in vindicating the honour of a family which had been hitherto without a stain.

Mr. Prendergrant was far advanced in years, and indeed, so much in the decline of life, that he now looked beyond the grave for all his future comforts. Mild

and gentle in his manners, almost to a degree of timidity, his uncommon diffidence peculiarly unfitted him for such a dutyas he was now imperiously called upon to perform.

"My friend," said Sir Philip, "your "feelings are too acute for you to have "a pruden command of yourself "on such an occasion. The Dean is "also a very improper person to under- "take the management of the affair, "although he is principally interested in "it. I know this both from what I have "observed of his general habits, and "from what I have unfortunately heard "fall from his lips, on the present un- "happy occasion. I am ready to under- "take the restoration of your daughter; "—I do not say to her husband, but to "you as her natural protector; and I

" submit it to the Dean himself, whether " the accomplishment of such a scheme " will not be preferable to obtaining a di- " vorce, which is neither more nor less " than to sell his wife on the valuation of " the civilians."

Mr Prendergrant entreated Sir Philip to take the business in hand. The Dean at first laid great stress upon the letter, and insisted that he would make an advantage of it.—" Attempt to do so," said Sir Philip, " and you are ruined. I am " really astonished, Mr. Dean, that you " do not see through the artifice:—that " letter is a complete trap: it invites you " to name the price of your dishonour; " or of your wife's virtue, which you " will. Write to his Lordship on the " subject: only write to him, and state " that if he will send you a certain sum

"of money, it would save the trouble of "going to law; you will be indicted for "swindling, and your wife's virtue will "remain just where it is at present."

The Dean acknowledged the justice of the inference, but professed that he had not before entertained any such idea of the business; and then joined Mr. Prendergrant very earnestly in entreating the kind assistance of Sir Philip in bringing back the fugitive.

"I will not absolutely promise so much "as that," said the Baronet; "but I will "do my best endeavours, not only to "bring her back, but to put her para-"mour to shame."

Sir Philip sent for Mr. Worth, and desired him to collect all the particulars he could of the elopement, which, however, amounted to no more than this,

that one of the servants had seen Lord Rivulet conduct a lady whom he presumed to be Mrs. Chaloner, to a post-chaise which was in waiting near the gate leading to Blackwood-Hall, about two o'clock in the morning subsequent to the fête given by Sir Philip English; and at the time when many of the company were going away: that the chaise had been hired at a neighbouring inn, and had conveyed the gentleman and lady the first stage towards London.

Early in the morning, Sir Philip, accompanied by his friend Mr. Worth, set out for Woodbury-farm; for the first step which the Baronet proposed to take in the business, was to arouse the feelings of his lordship's family, to the extensive mischief which might ensue from his vicious career.

Sir Philip had received from his nephew no very favourable account of Mr. Lamprey's disposition; but always more disposed to make allowances than to find fault, and unwilling to believe assertions to the prejudice of others, unless supported by indubitable proofs, he thought that Mr. Lamprey might be rigidly economical without being miserly, and even mean, without being absolutely wretched.

They stopped to dine on the road, and proceeded with fresh horses, having given directions that beds might be prepared for them at the inn, against their return.

Woodbury-farm was but little accustomed to visitors; and the approach of a carriage with four horses, and a proper number of attendants, disturbed the whole neighbourhood. Sir Philip English and Mr. Worth alighted at the gate o the

court-yard, and endeavoured to find some path which led to the house, but every track seemed impervious; and it was not without great difficulty that they could explore their way amidst the exuberance of unpruned shrubs, and weeds gigantic in their antiquity.

In the midst of this wilderness they were met by old Lamprey, who with a voice indicative of bantering raillery, rather than serious displeasure, cried out—
"You are upon the wrong scent, I as-
"sure you: it is of no use to come here.
"I am dead against you; shall vote for
"the little Irishman to-morrow, so you
"have lost your labour."

"You are under some mistake, Sir," said Sir Philip, "we do not come here to
"canvas for votes; we have other busi-

"ness, if you will indulge us with a
"hearing."

"Anan!" said Lamprey.

"It is necessary for me to introduce "myself to you, Mr. Lamprey, as Sir "Philip English; and this is my friend "Mr. Worth," said the Baronet.

"That is quite a different affair," replied the old man; "I ask pardon, I took "you for Sir Peter Pumpkin, who was "been canvassing the neighbourhood for "these three weeks, and sent me a message to invite himself to the farm to-"day, making quite sure of my vote: "and so I took care to disappoint him, "by promising it to his opponent, yes-"terday."

Sir Philip apprized him that the business which brought him thither was of a

very unpleasant nature, as it implicated his relation Lord Rivulet in an offence against morality and friendship, which marked his character with the blackest infamy.

"Adad, you don't say so?" said Lamprey, staring as if he were half choked.

"It is too true, good Sir," replied Sir Philip, with a very mild but impressive tone, "and I request your serious at-"tention, whilst I unfold the particu-"lars."

"Come into the house then," said the old gentleman, and led the way towards a parlour, which from the condition and appearance of its furniture, seemed to have scarcely been visited during the reign of King George the Third. Here, after having unbarred the windows and astonished the sun itself, by admitting its

rays into a part of the universe which had long lain hid in night's profoundest gloom; terrified a host of spiders which had remained for years in undisturbed possession of the premises, and almost suffocated Sir Philip and himself by a cloud of dust raised in the general commotion, he desired the Baronet to be seated.

This ceremonial completed, the Baronet was permitted to begin his story: interrupted, however, by a thousand questions on the part of Mr. Lamprey. Scarcely had he acquitted himself of the introductory sentences, before the old man stopped him short.—"But has he forged "any thing, written any letter in my "name?" "No, Sir," replied Sir Philip; "bad enough in conscience without "that."

"Oh! I understand you; forged his "uncle's name, or his grandmother's "perhaps; not your's, I hope, Sir Phi-"lip."

With all these interruptions, and the additional obstacles of a short cough with which the old gentleman was troubled, Sir Philip, had a very arduous task to inform Mr. Lamprey of the misdemeanour committed by Lord Rivulet. At last, however, he began to comprehend it: and as weak minds are proportionably vindictive, the wrath of the old man now arose above all bounds, restraint or imagination.

He thumped the table with his stick, exclaimed that disgrace was brought upon his name, and the memory of his relation, who, contrary to the wishes of all her family had degraded herself by marry-

ing his lordship's father. "But I will "have satisfaction; I will make the rogue "come down on his marrow-bones here, "in this very room, before you, Sir Phi- "lip, and me, and every body." Then applying his stick with many a vigorous thwack to the table, the end of it unfortunately got entangled in the tattered fringe of an old crimson damask window curtain, which pulling down the machinery by which it had been formerly supported, brought with it an immense China punch-bowl and two great India jars, which ornamented the top of an old cabinet at a corner of the room.

Tremendous was the crash: Mrs. Favourite who had heard every word that passed through the key-hole of the door, fearful of some mishap, but not knowing what her master had done, rushed into

the room, and as soon as the dust had a little subsided, witnessed the havoc which his impetuosity had made in the furniture. The dust threw Lamprey into a fit of coughing, and acted with omnipotent effect as a sternuatory upon the other parties present, so that each of them had enough to do to mind his own concerns, without inquiring into the particulars of the accident.

" My best China bowl," said Lamprey; " it was used at my christening:
" alack-a-day! misfortunes never come
" single: here, Nelly, this graceless imp
" of a lord has been doing I do not know
" what, in a gentleman's family."

" Yes, Sir, so I hear," replied the housekeeper; " and you have been doing
" I do not know what, with the window-
" curtain. Oh, gemini! and the India ca-

" nisters be broke all to pieces as I hopes " for mercy; oh dear! I could cry my " eyes out! and all the *perial* snuff: look " here, Sir, all this is snuff that lies " here:"—and the proof of Mrs. Favourite's assertion was abundant; for the moment the pungent dust was again stirred, the Baronet and Mr. Worth began sneezing in concert.

" Pray, gentlemen, come out of this " nasty old room," said the housekeeper, " I can not think how Mr. Lamprey " came to bring you into this *cathedrum* " place."

Sir Philip took Mrs. Favourite at her word and followed her immediately into a spacious apartment, once the great hall of the mansion-house, and now occupied in summer-time by Mr. Lamprey and all his servants in common.

Resuming the subject of Lord Rivulet's misconduct, Mr. Lamprey assured Sir Philip English, that he would cause a letter to be written to him immediately, which should bring him, willing or unwilling, to the farm; "And when he comes here," said the old man, "I will chain him up "in my kennel along with the Irish grey- "hounds."

Lamprey informed Sir Philip, that he thought it would be only lost labour to apply to the Earl of Bridgenorth on the subject of his son's behaviour, as he was now become quite superannuated; "and "besides," added the old man, "he was "a debauchee himself, and never much "regarded the admonition of the wise "man, to *drink waters out of his own* "*cistern.*"

Sir Philip was of opinion that he had

not accomplished half his object unless he had gained Mrs. Favourite to his side; and, therefore, addressed her with familiarity, as if she had been one of the family. She was a keen, clever woman, for a person of her station, wholly uneducated, and without the benefit of instruction. She had carried herself with great prudence and caution between Mr. Lamprey and Lord Rivulet, at all times: never flattering herself that she should be rendered independent by the generosity of the former, and, therefore, desirous of rendering herself useful, in promoting the wishes and views of his lordship, in order to secure to herself the advantages of his future friendship.

It did not fail to occur to her on the present occasion, that her prospects and expectations were, in some measure, de-

pendent upon Lord Rivulet's conduct; and that if his lordship entered into that system of life which would prevent his regular domestic arrangements as a family man, all her hopes of finding an asylum under his roof, at the death of Mr. Lamprey, must necessarily vanish, unless she determined upon disregarding that good report among men, and women too, which she had been always proud to boast.

Upon this chord of suspicion, Sir Philip gently touched; and it answered his purpose extremely well: for he soon found that he had aroused the housekeeper's jealousy and her fears. She became clamorous against Lord Rivulet, and joined her master in his fiercest denunciations.

"Pray, Sir Philip," says Mrs. Favourite, "what steps do you think my

"master should pursue to bring the silly "young man to reason? for I am quite "certain sure that Mr. Lamprey will do "any thing that you wishes."

It was then proposed that the housekeeper should write in her master's name and require his lordship's attendance at Woodbury, immediately. "You can, I "dare say, find some argument or other "to prevail upon him to come down," said Sir Philip: "and the next step will "be to discover where the lady is, which "may be easily done by your skill and "address, in getting a sight of the di-"rection of his lordship's letters, for, of "course, he will write to her, or to some "one on her account."

Mrs. Favourite, right glad to be employed on so notable an occasion, assured Sir Philip that she would undertake to dis-

cover the abode of Mrs. Chaloner, provided she could once induce Lord Rivulet to come to the farm.

"Aye, aye, Nelly will do it," said old Lamprey; "she writes all my letters, "and you may depend upon her: the old "jade has lived with me for many years, "but I think she is quite honest in every "respect."

Sir Philip smiled at Mr. Lamprey's panegyric, and proceeded to inform him of some minute particulars which he had omitted in the relation of the business: such as the long intimacy which had subsisted between the Dean and his lordship: and the breach of the laws of hospitality on which the Baronet laid some stress, in having made his house the scene of this nefarious exploit.

"These fellows mind nothing now-

" a-days but the gratification of their " lusts," said the old gentleman; " people used formerly to have a little decency, Sir Philip. I remember my " uncle was reckoned a gallant in his " time,—(it was he who gave my mother " that nice China bowl which I broke " just now) but then he confined his " amours to the dairy maids, or the farmers' daughters, and never troubled " himself about other men's wives: but " these times are very bad, it is quite an " adulterous generation: there is a neighbouring parson—but I do not choose to " say too much; for I know you are a " justice of the peace, and I am no informer: but this I may tell you, Sir " Philip, that when I was down in " Wales, there was a *judge* mentioned " to me, who, though he was always very

"rigid about such cases, when they came "before him, used to live very publicly "with a woman to whom he was not "married. What do you call that, Sir "Philip? And yet, when I was on the "grand-jury, at the last assizes, old "Buzz-wig told us that the bench was "never so respectably filled as at present. "I could have told him, that nobody "cries stinking fish."

The business thus arranged, Sir Philip received the promise both of Mr. Lamprey and his housekeeper to be apprised of the arrival of Lord Rivulet, that he might then concert any measures he thought proper. The Baronet was about to depart, but Mr. Lamprey, who was well pleased with his honest plainness, told him—"Sir Philip, I shall not "part with you in friendship if you will

" not eat a bit of dinner with me to-
" morrow. We have plenty of beds,
" such as they are, and you are welcome,
" and your friend also."

If the Baronet was gratified by the civility of his reception, he was surprised at the invitation; but assured Mr. Lamprey that he would have gladly availed himself of it, if he had not determined on returning to Blackwood the next day, and engaged accommodations at the inn about five miles distant, that evening.

" I tell you, I can not part with you
" so," said Lamprey; " you must come
" to dine with me to-morrow. One
" o'clock is always my hour; so you will
" have time to pursue your journey after-
" wards."

Sir Philip perceiving, that, by compliance, he might so far confirm himself

in the good graces of the old gentleman, as to leave no room to doubt his ready assistance in restoring Mrs. Chaloner to her afflicted family, told Mr. Lamprey he would return to the inn for the night, and take a family dinner with him the next day, provided he would promise to visit him at Blackwood-Hall before the summer was over.

The ensuing day proved uncommonly wet, and vastly increased the difficulty of completing Mr. Lamprey's preparations for the entertainment of his guests: for being unaccustomed to arrangements of this nature, he was under the necessity of employing all his domestics, in the various offices, necessary to ensure to his company the dinner to which he had so unexpectedly invited them.

The Baronet and Mr. Worth were

punctual to their time: indeed *rather before the time than after:* and Mr. Lamprey, who was dressed to the best advantage, in one of his antique suits, which was never used but on state occasions, received them at the front door of the mansion, which grated on its hinges to welcome the company.

Mr. Lamprey informed Sir Philip, that his housekeeper had already dispatched a letter to Lord Rivulet, summoning him on urgent business, to return with the messenger to Woodbury-farm:—"We "may, therefore, expect him here to-"morrow night, or on Sunday at latest," said the old gentleman; "and take my "word for it, he shall repent of this "shameful conduct, before he goes away "again."

Sir Philip expressed a great curiosity to

see the dog-kennel, which he told Mr. Lamprey, his nephew, Captain English, had celebrated with continual praises ever since he returned from Woodbury: and on being indulged with a sight of it, was as much pleased and surprised as Jack had been. The contrivances for cleanliness, ventilation, and exercise, were admirable: the dogs were not only accustomed to go into the water every day when the weather was fine, but compelled to swim in it for several minutes, after which they landed in a small meadow, or paddock, where was a pen of clean dry litter, and when thus refreshed, and cleansed from all impurities, made a sort of promenade round the area of the kennel before they were admitted into the eating-room.

Mr. Lamprey prepared himself for his

visit, in the same manner he had before done when Captain English attended him; and when Sir Philip saw the delicacies with which his pockets were stuffed, he could not help observing to Mr. Worth, that if Mr. Lamprey fed them, as well as he did his hounds, they should have no reason to complain. On the present occasion, a little miserable French lap-dog was singled out from numerous others, in what the old man called *the fancy room*, because it was solely appropriated for the use of the most remarkable quadrupeds in this curious collection: and a number of birds' eggs which seemed to have been roasted with great care, were broken one after another, by Mr. Lamprey, and given to the favourite, with pieces of thin bread and butter; and on Mr. Worth's inquiring into the reason of this preference, the

old gentleman gravely told him that *Penchant* was *asthmatical.*

The dinner was laid out, in a room hung with tapestry, and as the guests were not fastidious, it passed off as a respectable entertainment. The most striking circumstance was the immense quantity of fine old plate displayed on the occasion. It was not a complete service, for the plates were of China, but the dishes and covers were of silver embossed:—unfortunately, however, Mr. Lamprey's establishment did not include a regular butler, and he was so unwilling to trust his valuables out of his sight, that the plate had not been rubbed for years, and many of the pieces exhibited a mixture of all colours, so that it would have puzzled any one, to determine of what metal they were made. Mrs. Favourite, it is pre

sumed, w astable decker on this occasion; but whoever officiated in that capacity had a singular taste for elegance of arrangement, as a large round of beef was elevated on a fine silver dish cross in the centre of the table. However, it was a substantial farm-house dinner, and wonderful to relate, Mr. Lamprey drew the cork of some excellent wine, which he told Sir Philip had been twenty years in his cellar.

The Baronet gave the old gentleman a pressing invitation to Blackwood-Hall, and told him, thatwhen ever he would be pleased to favour him with his company, he would send his coach to accommodate him on the journey.

At an early hour they set out on their return to Blackwood-Hall, having previously apprised Mr. Lamprey, that as soon as

the abode of Mrs. Chaloner could be traced, Sir Philip would pay her a visit, in order, if possible, to induce her to return to her father, whilst he left Lord Rivulet to the admonition of his relations.

THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S SARASWATI MAHAL. *

THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S SARASWATI MAHAL

CHAPTER XVIII.

It was very late at night before Sir Philip reached his mansion; and he was glad to retire immediately to rest. The next morning whilst he was relating to Mr. Prendergrant and the rest of the family, the promise which Mr. Lamprey had given him, to assist them in discovering the retreat of Mrs. Chaloner in order to her being restored to her friends; a servant informed Sir Philip that a shepherd, who inhabited one of the [illegible]s on Hitchfield common, requested to speak with him relative to a supposed highwayman.

The Baronet always made it a rule to give the most prompt and immediate facility

to the execution of the laws. He said that the only pleasant part of the duty of a magistrate was *to help them to right who suffer wrong*: and justly observed, that delay was, in most instances, equally distressing and vexatious to the accuser and accused.

Sir Philip, influenced by these considerations, seated himself in the chair of magistracy, and ordered the young man to be admitted to his presence.

"Well, my lad," said the Baronet, "what have you to say?"

"Mine be an odd zort of a story, your "worship, an you'l plase to year it;" replied the rustic; and proceeded to narrate the following particulars:—that as he returned from a neighbouring village, the preceding evening, two men on horseback, who appeared to be riding along

very sociably together, passed him on the common near his mother's cottage: one of them a quaker whom he knew by sight; the other a stranger:—that soon after he got home, a man knocked at the door of the cottage, and entreated that he might be allowed to pass the night there, having, as he said, been robbed and beaten on the common. He added, that his horse had got loose, but unless the highwayman led him away he had no doubt of being able to catch him, in the morning; but was afraid to venture after him in the dark.

The lad and his mother believing the stranger's story, admitted him into their cottage, prepared him some eggs for supper, and gave him the best accommodations in their power. In the morning, at day-break, the lad would have persuaded

the stranger to accompany him, in endeavouring to find the horse: but he said that he was still afraid of meeting the highwayman.

This evident cowardice excited indignation even in the mind of the old woman at the cottage, who exclaimed;—"Afraid of a highwayman, in broad "day-light! then I am sure you are no "Englishman."

"Nae," replied the traveller, "but I "am a Scotsman, and of as *braave* a "stock, as in *aw* the *cooountry*: but nae "matter for that, I would nae meet with "the robber *agin*, for the world; for it "is an ill omen, and my *weefe* dreamt of "a witch the *neeght* before I set off on "my journey: but, hearkee laddy, I "have pelf to pay for your trouble, and "ye shall not fear the generosity of Kitt-

"rick of Skie, if ye bring back the grey "horse."

The youth, therefore, went alone, and soon discovered that the horse had been impounded by the keeper of the toll-gate, in consequence of information given him, of a robbery having been attempted upon the common the night before, by a man who rode a grey horse answering the description of that which he had detained.

The lad related all that the Scotsman had told him; and the result of the conference was, that the gate-keeper refused to deliver up the horse until the affair had been laid before a justice of the peace.

Sir Philip English inquired who had informed the man of the robbery.

"Plase your honour," said the youth, "it was the quaker's own self. I do not

"know un's neame, but he do live in "Admiral Ottentot's house."

"It is my neighbour, Juxon," said Sir Philip, "as sure as fate." He therefore dispatched a messenger to request his immediate attendance.

The servant, who went to Rufus-cottage, having informed the quaker of the nature of the business, on account of which he was wanted, Juxon replied, that he would travel an hundred miles by night or day, to serve neighbour English, for he liked his *character and his independent spirit,* but that not acknowledging any obedience to the arm of power, he would not stir a step, on the present occasion, unless by compulsion.

The Baronet was, therefore, under the necessity of formally summoning the quaker to give evidence against the sup-

posed highwayman: at the same time, being unwilling to hurt the feelings of the suspected person, who might be perfectly innocent, although at present, appearances were against him, he sent a civil message to inform him of his horse being detained, and of the necessity of his giving some account of himself before he could regain possession of it. A proper officer was sent with this message, with directions to be extremely cautious in his language and behaviour, for Sir Philip well knew how necessary it is to guard against the unfeeling insolence of office, which too often prompts the vulgar and illiberal to the most unjustifiable exercise of power.

He always recollected the benevolent and politic principle, that it is better for ten guilty persons to escape punishment,

than that one innocent being should suffer: and he did not think bare surmise, or the mere assertion that a man on horseback had committed a robbery, sufficient to justify him in fixing so serious an imputation upon any particular person without deliberate investigation.

He was of opinion, that the liberties of an Englishman are too sacred to be infringed, upon slight occasions: never exceeded the limits of his authority by sending a man on board the Tender for whipping a restive horse; and had no notion that because a vagabond, who is destitute of character himself, and insensible to the impressions of honour, the obligations of religion or the feelings of conscience, may choose, from some base and selfish motive, to asperse the reputation of his neighbour, that it becomes

the duty of the magistrate to persecute the accused person; or to use the expression of Fielding, that there is no harm done to an innocent man by confining him in prison for two or three months, so that he be released at last.

These not being the maxims of our worthy justice, Sir Philip English, he, instead of aiming a blow at the unfortunate Scotsman which might be ruinous to his future fame and prospects, contented himself with proceeding in the milder manner before described.

When the Scotsman understood that he was to go before a magistrate, he appeared to be in great trepidation; and said that, it ought to be law and *reight* too, to take a man's property whenever he could *fiend* it, without going to the Provost, or the Laird, *aboot* the matter.

"If the horse be your own," said the officer, "why do you dislike to go before "the magistrate?"

"Why, an ye would ken my preevate "reasons," replied the Highlander, "they are because I am naturally *teemid*, "and *leke* the coney and her ears, am "apprehensive of being mistaken for a "beast with horns. *Beseedes*, although "I am *trewly* honest, (ye need *nae dooght* "it) there are many qualms in a man's "*ane* conscience, which *grepe* and gird "him on such accasions."

The constable, whose reading had not extended to the fable of the hare, alluded to by the Scotsman, did not at all understand the former part of his speech: but the latter gave him a strong suspicion that he was connected with a gang of sharpers, though perhaps not one of the active in-

struments of depredation. Such persons have a wonderful facility in discerning the secrets of the heart before the tongue gives them utterance; and the officer thought that his suspicions were confirmed, when the Scot, as he walked slowly and reluctantly towards Blackwood-Hall, frequently muttered to himself. "The "wicked *fleeth* when no man pursueth; "but the righteous is bold as a lion."

However, in pursuance of the commands of Sir Philip, he behaved with decency and good manners, but exhorted the supposed highwayman, if any thing lay upon his mind to disburthen himself of it, with full assurance that Sir Philip was a most benevolent magistrate, and would not fail to intercede in his behalf at the assizes.

"Why mon!" said the Scot, "*ye* do

"*nae* take me for a robber? I am as "honest as the justice himself. But "what I *mantioned* aboot conscience *ye* "do *nae understand.*"

When they came before Sir Philip, the Scotsman told a very confused story of his journey from the north; and with respect to the robbery, insisted that a man with a large bludgeon stopped him on Hitchfield common, the night before, compelled him to dismount, turned his horse loose, and robbed him of a canvas purse containing one pound, seventeen shillings, and sixpence halfpenny, all the cash he had *aboot* him: the remainder of his money which was in bank notes being concealed in the *croone* of his hat. He said that the robber being gone, he sate *doone* by the side of the road for some *teeme*, but no one passing by, he had

gone to the cottage and entreated shelter for the *neeght*.

Jammy Kittrick, for such was the name of the Scotsman, had had just education sufficient to teach him how to puzzle a plain case by incoherent language, and in the delineation of this affair, so confused it, by what has been termed a Scotch *botheration*, that it was next to an impossibility even to conceive how he wished to be understood.

The horse having been previously brought to Blackwood, the Scotsman claimed it, the moment it was shewn to him; but asked with much earnestness whether they had seen any thing of his saddle bags, which contained wearing apparel and other things, which he said were *varry* valuable.

At length Juxon arrived, and being

questioned by Sir Philip whether he had sufficient recollection of the person who attempted to rob him on the preceding evening, to point him out if he saw him again, replied:

"Neighbour, I am never positive, but, "peradventure I might." The Scotsman who had been ordered to withdraw, was again admitted, and the quaker, after gazing upon him for a minute or two, exclaimed: "Verily thou art much like "the spoiler: did I not see thee last "night upon Hitchfield common?"

"*Gude* my laird," said Kittrick, addressing Sir Philip English, "I never "saw the *mon* in *aw* my *leefe*."

"Thy voice is somewhat different," said the quaker, "but verily I believe "thou art the spoiler."

He was then desired to give a circum-

stantial account of the transaction;—which he did, by stating that as he was riding over the common, a man mounted on a grey horse, joined company with him, and after a few words of conversation, pulled out a pistol, and presenting it, demanded his money. "I asked him," said Juxon, "Friend, dost thou mean to "rob me?" "Nay," said the other, "not to rob you, but I will either have "your money, or blow out your brains."

The quaker told him that he would first *strive with him*, and seizing hold of the pistol with one hand, and the fellow's collar, with the other, they both came to the ground together, when the quaker being the stronger, as well as the more active of the two (to use his own expression) *smote him with the arm of the flesh*, till he had gained *the mastery*: and then

held him by the throat, upon the ground, until he begged for mercy. Juxon said, that having loosened his hand a little, the man asked him if he meant to murder him. "No," replied the quaker, "not "to murder thee, but I will hold thee "thus till thou departest this natural "life, unless some one come to thy as-"sistance."

However as the robbery had not been effected, and the man expressed great sorrow and contrition, the quaker, at length, let him go: but mentioned the circumstance at the turnpike-gate, to prevent a similar attack being made upon others.

"And this," said the Baronet, "is "the real truth."

"Verily, it is," replied the quaker, "upon my solemn affirmation."

With equal positiveness did Juxon as-

sert, that the grey horse appeared to him to be the same on which the highwayman had rode; but the Scotsman persisted in asserting his innocence so strongly, that Sir Philip was induced to give him an opportunity of justification by sending for the landlord of the inn where he had last stopped. This, however, Kittrick told him could not be done, as he baited his horse by the side of the road, and carried his *ane* provisions of eggs and cheese in his saddle bags. But notwithstanding, this made the complexion of the business still darker, and impressed every one with the idea of the Scotsman's guilt, it was not so strong a proof against him, as the quaker's affirmation that the man who stopped him had no saddle-bags at all, which the brightness of the moon had enabled him to observe: and, to-

wards which, his attention was directed by supposing when he first met with him, that he was a travelling factor.

Under these circumstances, the Baronet thought himself under the necessity of detaining Kittrick a prisoner, and a mittimus was made out, and the magistrate in the act of signing it, when one of the servants brought in a pair of saddle-bags which had been found on the common, by a poor pedlar.

Joy brightened the countenance of poor Jammy, who immediately exclaimed, "*Ye* shall see my laird, that I *tould ye* "the truth. *Noo* I *wol* descreebe the "contents: before *ye* open the *kit*. *Nae* "for the matter of that, here is the *varry* "key that belongs to it. But on that "side *ye* shall *fiend* the eggs, and cheese, "and on this, two clean shirts, and four

" dickeys, with kerchiefs of plaid, both " green and red: and a little box with " hair of Charles Stuart in it, for a re- " lic."

All this was very true: and although it did not obliterate the positive declaration of the quaker, it so far corroborated the Scotsman's account of himself, that Sir Philip was inclined to discharge him. However an attorney, who officiated as his clerk, started a thousand difficulties, until Sir Philip suggested that the time at which Mr. Juxon was attacked must be ascertained. There could be no doubt that the person who had been seen in ompany with the quaker, by the shepherd boy, must have been the highwayman. In a few minutes afterwards, he reached his mother's habitation, and the Scotsman took refuge there, almost im-

mediately. Now the affray between the quaker and his assailant must have occupied some time, and Sir Philip hoped to have been able, by clearing up this point, to remove the doubts which he had on the subject. Here, however, he was disappointed for neither of the parties knew the hour: and the matter still remained undetermined.

The Scotsman importuned the Baronet to write to Dundee, or to a *freend* who lived in an Alley near the Bank of England: but the question required prompt and immediate decision: at last, Sir Philip delivered his sentiments as follows:—

" I have no doubt of the correctness of
" your statement, friend Juxon, so far as
' relates to the immediate transaction in
" which you were personally concerned:
" but it appears both that the accused

" person had saddle-bags with him, which " your evidence goes to deny; and that " they must have been upon his horse, " at the time he was dismounted; for " even if his statement respecting the " loss of his own property be false, it " can not be supposed that he would, " knowingly, have suffered his bags to " be left on the common; particularly as, " at all events, he had lost his horse, and " got nothing in exchange for it. You " are not quite positive about his voice; " his dialect is, indeed, provincial; but " there may be voices so much alike, as " easily to deceive the most observant " persons. Great doubt remains on my " mind, and I can not acquit myself to " my own conscience, but by giving the " accused person all the benefit of that " doubt; and, therefore, discharging

" him, with which I shall be sorry if you " feel dissatisfied."

Juxon told Sir Philip that as a man of peace he commended his sentiments: and Jammy Kittrick was almost out of his wits for joy. He returned a thousand thanks to *the gude laird,* as he called him, for his humanity, and extolled his sagacity to the skies; observing that he was sure Sir *Pheelip* was more like King James (whose wisdom discovered Guy Fawkes' *conspeeracy*) than any *mon noo* living.

Still, however, he persisted in saying that he had a presentiment of some such misfortune, ever since his wife's dream: and acknowledged that he thought it the punishment of heaven upon his *ingratitude: for that, although he had never been dishonest in his life, he had been extremely unjust; and in prosperity too*

often forgot those who had shewn him kindness in seasons of adversity, for "*aw which,*" he said, he had now been left "parfectly destitute of a single "*freend,*" to speak a word in his behalf.

As the Scotsman mounted his horse, the poor shepherd boy reminded him of the promised reward for finding his horse: but the North Briton gravely replied: "Laddy, the *condeetion* of the promise "was, that ye should bring him *bock agin.* "I did nae say that I would give *ye* any "thing, for taking me before the Pro-"vost;" and very composedly rode away; not without a few English compliments from the bye standers. "So much," said the Baronet's old servant, Harry, who was one of them, "for a Scotsman's gene-"rosity."

Sir Philip invited neighbour Juxon to

dine with him. The quaker was a shrewd facetious man, and the quaintness of his language, and simplicity of his manners, concurred with his wit to render him a pleasant and entertaining companion.

He seemed to be particularly pleased with Sir Philip's nephew, Captain English whom he addressed by the appellation of *friend John,* and kept up a conversation with him during the greater part of the evening with much spirit and vivacity.

Adverting to the circumstance of the first accidental meeting between Sir Philip and himself, he related the account of another adventure which had lately happened in consequence of his being Admiral Ortolan's tenant.

A party of sailors having strayed into the neighbourhood, had resolved to pay

a visit to their old commander whom they supposed to reside at Rufus-cottage. There, however, they met with the quaker, and pretended to recognize in his person, the ship's steward; who, in his voyage from the West-Indies, had assumed the garb of a quaker, and signalized himself by a number of eccentricities and whimsical exploits.

In vain did Juxon protest against the mistake, and deny his ever having "traversed the mighty waters." They insisted that the Admiral had made him his land steward, and passed a thousand coarse jokes upon him, telling him that if old tarpaulin had been at home, they should have had some grog; but knew his stinginess so well when they were on board, that they suspected his denial of any recollection of them was only to save

his liquor. "To convince them," said Juxon, "that they were mistaken, I "caused a very large bowl to be filled "and set before them:—upon which they "shook hands with one another, and "swore that I had told the truth, for "that my generosity had convinced them "that I was not their old steward, though "the cut of my jib was so much like his; "—for that he never gave away so much "punch in his life."

"The sailors," said Mrs. Burrows, "could not be suspected of having read "the anecdote which has been related of "the great Duke of Marlborough: for "when a certain nobleman, going to "dine with the Lord Mayor of London, "was mistaken for the Duke, and the "populace were about to unharness his "coach-horses that they might draw him

"into the city, he could not persuade
"them of their mistake, until he thought
"of the expedient of throwing a shilling
"out of the coach window: by which
"they were immediately satisfied that it
"was not his grace, who never threw
"away a shilling in his life."

MAHARAJA SERFOJI'S SARASWATI MAHAL, THE TANJORE *

TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOJI'S SARASWATI MAHAL.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE domestic calamity of Dean Chaloner, and his natural temper, united to make him one of the most miserable of men. The same cause in spite of the excellent disposition of Mr. Prendergrant embittered every hour of his existence; and the affection of Lady O'Shannon for her lost sister, lost not only to her friends, but to rectitude, virtue and peace, augmented her own sorrows, and oppressed her mind with an increasing weight of distress.

Mrs. Burrows attempted by every effort in her power, to dissipate the gloom which overspread the visitors at Black-

wood-Hall; and whilst Sir Philip was anxiously waiting for the intelligence he hoped to receive from Woodbury-farm, he was not inattentive to those kindnesses, by which he might soothe the sufferings of his friends, or alleviate their grief.

Among the casual visitors who had lately been partakers of the Baronet's generous hospitality, was a Mr. Golder. He had the appearance of a young gentleman of fashion, and in that character, had been received into most of the families in the neighbourhood: having resided for some months at a farm-house near Blackwood-Hall under the pretext of attending to practical agriculture. Mr. Golder was so well pleased with his first visit to Sir Philip English, and the Baronet so much entertained by Mr. Golder's conversation, that he became a frequent guest at the

Hall, and made one of the domestic circle there, on almost every occasion.

This gentleman was fond of field sports, particularly of shooting and coursing, and frequently made excursions for two or three days into the neighbouring counties, passing for what is denominated a keen sportsman. He was, however, a very indifferent shot, and Sir Philip English often rallied him on the sums of money which his partridges cost him; for he spared no expence in equipments for the field.

Mr. Golder had called at Blackwood-Hall, at the time Sir Philip English was engaged in his official capacity with Juxon and Kittrick: and Mrs. Burrows would, as usual, have detained him to dinner, but he excused himself. Mrs. Burrows mentioned that her brother was engaged on

some inquiry respecting a robbery in the neighbourhood the preceding evening: and Golder, with his accustomed pleasantry, observed, that the hue and cry, which had been raised in the neighbourhood about the supposed highwayman, would, he supposed, confine her at home more strictly than ever: but Mrs. Burrows replied that her spirit was, in some particulars, a little like that of Lady Macbeth:—that she did not conceive it probable she should ever have an opportunity of shewing her fortitude on such an occasion, or else she could perform the feats of Mrs. Bendish.

When Mrs. Burrows mentioned this conversation to her brother, "It is very "à-propos, sister," replied the Baronet, "for I was just going to propose a jaunt; "and travelling, you know, affords ex-

"cellent opportunities for displaying "courage. Mr. Prendergant and Lady "O'Shannon leave us, in a day or two: "and I set off for London the moment "I hear from Mr. Lamprey: suppose "that you and Jack English accompany "me: I do not wish that my nephew "should be at all conspicuous respecting "Lord Rivulet and Mrs. Chaloner; "therefore, the only condition I wish to "make with him is, that he will domes-"ticate himself with us, until I have "tried the success of my endeavours to "restore her to her family."

A little entreaty on the part of Captain English induced an immediate compliance, and preparations were accordingly made, for beginning the journey as soon as a messenger arrived from Woodbury-farm.

Six days had elapsed since the return

of Sir Philip English and Mr. Worth; and on the seventh came a letter from Mrs. Favourite to inform Sir Philip that Lord Rivulet had arrived the day before, at Woodbury-farm. The housekeeper stated, that there was a sharp conflict between his lordship and Mr. Lamprey, on the subject of Mrs. Chaloner's elopement. That Lord Rivulet absolutely denied all knowledge of the affair, until Mr. Lamprey told him of the visit he had received from Sir Philip English: that afterwards he did not persist in denying the circumstance, but endeavoured to palliate it, by stating his prior engagement to Mrs. Chaloner before she became acquainted with the Dean. He seemed to be very desirous of reinstating himself in the good graces of Mr. Lamprey, whom Mrs. Favourite represented to have been quite

furious upon the occasion, and, "ten "times worse than when he tore the "window-curtains and broke the china "bowl:" for the house-keeper was obliged to interfere in order to preserve the peace; and the old man was so much enraged, that he threw his will into the fire, positively assuring Lord Rivulet, that he would not leave him a single shilling, and moreover vowing vengeance against the whole family, if my lord would not restore Mrs. Chaloner to her husband. Mrs. Favourite had, by a cunning stratagem, procured a direction to the cottage, which Lord Rivulet pretended to have lately taken for his father's occasional retirement, but which she rather supposed, was intended for the lady; and this address enclosed to Sir Philip, with a compliment from Mr. Lamprey,

who desired to assure him, that, before Lord Rivulet left Woodbury-farm, he would *starve him* into repentance.

Sir Philip, in answer, informed Mr. Lamprey, that he was setting off for London immediately, and that he would acquaint him with the success of his journey: in the mean time requesting to hear from him, if any farther intelligence could be procured, to facilitate the discovery of Mrs. Chaloner's residence.

Sir Philip, Mrs. Burrows, the Captain, and Mr. Worth, left Blackwood-Hall at five o'clock the next morning, in a post-coach with four horses, as well for the sake of the greater expedition, as on account of some reparation being required for the Baronet's own carriage. Mr. Prendergrant, Lady O'Shannon, and the Dean, proposed to leave the Hall, the same day,

for Mitford-Place, to which, if the Baronet were successful in his exertions, he had agreed to conduct Mrs. Chaloner on their return.

At about the distance of eight miles on the London road, was a wild open heath which, in times past, had been noted for robberies. A solitary gibbet still remained, to scare the evening traveller, but no instance of depredation had occurred there, for several years. It was, however, a gloomy, dismal spot, and often revived unpleasant ideas in the minds of those who passed over it.

The grey morning had just broken, and enabled the travellers to distinguish the thickets of this uncultivated track, from the cattle that cropped the scanty herbage amongst them; as Sir Philip and his friends were driven across the heath. On

a sudden, the coach stopped: a highwayman, well mounted, and with a crape over his face, held a pistol in at the window, and in a hoarse tone demanded money.

The gentlemen, without any hesitation, delivered their purses, and on Sir Philip remarking that one man could not want three watches, the highwayman *politely* returned two of them to Mr. Worth, and Captain English, and immediately rode off.

Mrs. Burrows sate very composedly during the transaction, and as soon as the rogue was gone, laughed at the timidity of her companions.

" Sister, you are very heroical," said Sir Philip, " but I can not perceive any " thing to laugh at in being robbed."

" Nor I neither," replied the old lady;

"I laughed because I was *not* robbed:
" and I thought I should have done so
" before the farce was over. If I live to
" see Golder again I shall have a fine op-
" portunity of rallying him upon his per-
" severance."

"What do you mean, sister?"

"That this is nothing but a frolic of
" Mr. Golder:—I knew him the mo-
" ment he came to the door of the coach;
" I am astonished that in such a flimsy
" disguise he could have imposed upon
" either of you."

The Baronet could not believe that it was Mr. Golder, and Jack English and Mr. Worth reprobated the frolic as a most dangerous one.

Sir Philip said he could not conceive that any man would get up at day-break to try if he could frighten his acquain-

tance: but confessed that it was not more *outré*, than that a young nobleman should act the part of a postillion, and hire a postillion to perform the part of a lord, in order to annoy a family which (if he wished to punish their arrogance in a proper manner) should have been treated with silent contempt.

"There, Jack English," said Mrs. Burrows, "see the effect of evil example; "even this frolic of Golder is brought to "bear upon Lord Rivulet and his friend "the Captain!"

Various were the remarks called forth by this adventure: it, however, excited in the mind of Sir Philip English some very unpleasant emotions; but he concealed them in his own bosom.

They had travelled with so much expedition that the coach drove into Fulham

just after dusk, the same evening. The next day Sir Philip, by means of a servant stationed at the post-office, traced the delivery of a letter which he had previously left there, directed in the manner mentioned by Mrs. Favourite in her communication; and accompanied by his friend Mr. Worth, immediately proceeded to the retreat in which he suspected that Mrs. Chaloner was concealed. It was a cottage situated in the neighbourhood of Brompton, inclosed with high palisadoes, and so completely hidden from the eye of the passenger, that it was a retreat scarcely less obscure than the celebrated labyrinth at Woodstock.

Sir Philip English had resided so constantly in the country, that he had no idea of the effrontery with which *protection* is in modern times afforded to vicious

and abandoned characters: and he supposed that the wife of a dignified clergyman, who had forsaken her husband for the company of a debauchee, and the paths of virtue and innocence for a state only one degree better than prostitution, would, at least, have been ashamed to appear publicly in any place in which her misconduct was known.

He was therefore astonished, on knocking at the gate, to be told that Lord Rivulet was not at home, but that *my lady* was:—and being so readily admitted into the house, supposed that there must have been some mistake on the part of the servant; for he could not have believed that Mrs. Chaloner, in the short period of about a fortnight, could have so completely forgotten all the diffidence of the sex, as to have unblushingly received a visit

from her husband's friends, under the roof of her paramour.

But it was so;—and whilst Sir Philip English and Mr. Worth were viewing, with a mixture of concern and surprise, the magnificent furniture and elegant ornaments with which the room was decorated, in a style of uncommon splendor, the servant came to inform them, that *her ladyship* was dressing, but would see them in a few minutes.

The Baronet and Mr. Worth were presently admitted into an apartment still more splendid than that into which they had been, at first, introduced. Here they found Mrs. Chaloner, seated, or rather reclining, on an Egyptian sofa, under a canopy of purple silk, attired in a fashionable undress, more remarkable for the delicacy of its fabric, and tasteful ad-

justment, than for its neatness or *decency*.

Mrs. Chaloner, *alias* Lady Rivulet, *alias* the Cyprian Queen, arose at the approach of Sir Philip English, and with inimitable *sang froid*, welcomed him to Primrose-cottage. "The honour of this visit was "wholly unexpected," said she, "but I "am not the less obliged by it; because "it affords me an opportunity of expli-"citly declaring to you, Sir Philip, my "determination respecting some circum-"stances, which, I presume, have had a "considerable share in procuring me the "favour of seeing you."

"Madam," replied the Baronet, astonished beyond measure at the uncommon effrontery of this introduction, "I came "hither at the express desire of your ve-"nerable parent, my old and valuable

" friend; and at the intreaty of a sister
" for whom you have formerly expressed,
" and manifested a sincere affection.—
" They have commissioned me to repre-
" sent to you that the step, which you
" have thought fit to take, has been as
" the stroke of a dagger penetrating into
" their heart; and I can assure you, that
" I have serious apprehensions of its ac-
" celerating the last moments of the life
" of your father, if you refuse to listen
" to the proposal which I am come ex-
" pressly to make,—namely, that you
" will return with me to Mitford-Place;
" where, I am also to promise on the part
" of *all* your family, that, whatsoever
" may be their feelings, yours shall not
" be hurt by any unpleasant allusion to
" a transaction which can not but give

" them great cause of future regret, as
" well as present anguish."

The lady, who expected a very different message, and had prepared, and in some degree, fortified herself against a thousand reproaches, burst into tears; and Sir Philip, taking advantage of the impression he had already made, touched the same string, more forcibly, by painting the accumulated misery which would be brought upon her sister, if, as might be naturally expected, Mr. Prendergrant should fall a victim to his distress and grief.

He represented to her, with considerable force, and evident effect, that she deceived herself if she fancied that Lord Rivulet's fortune would enable him to support her in the splendor which they, at present, enjoyed. " He is an embarrass-

" ed and ruined man," said Sir Philip, " and I have good authority for assuring " you, Madam, that this piece of thought- " lessness (to call it by no worse a name,) " has already cost his lordship the loss of " Mr. Lamprey's fortune, who has de- " stroyed the will which he had made in " Lord Rivulet's favour; and you will " probably soon hear, either that he has " cut him off for ever, or made the *aban-* " *donment of his late enterprise* the price " of his reconciliation."

The last part of the sentence aroused a gust of female passion which Mrs. Chaloner's offended love could not restrain; although the reasonableness of the thing carried conviction on the very face of it.

" No, Sir Philip," replied the lady, her eye flashing with indignant fire, " whatever you may think of Lord Ri-

"vulet, I know his heart too well to en-
"tertain any apprehensions of his neg-
"lect. Riches do not constitute hap-
"piness, and Lord Rivulet has too much
"generosity and honour to purchase the
"possession of old Lamprey's fortune, by
"any unworthy concessions. Rather
"than he should do so, we would em-
"brace obscurity and a cottage life, among
"the mountains of Wales, or the lakes
"of Cumberland, and patiently await the
"hour which must inevitably put him in
"possession of his father's estate."

Sir Philip told Mrs. Chaloner, that he had no intention to discuss the merits, or demerits, of Lord Rivulet: and that, in support of his own opinion, he would only appeal to facts. "I have," said he, "seen more years pass over, than you "have, and I never yet knew any man

"who would condescend to watch the "progress of increasing age, or, in "plainer *English*, to look for a dead "man's shoes with so much anxiety as "Lord Rivulet has shewn on account of "Mr. Lamprey, who would hesitate to "sacrifice almost every thing, not even "excepting generosity and honour itself, "to the caprice, still less to the reasona-"ble request of the person, in whom all "his hopes are centered; and if the "event does not justify my prediction, I "can only say, that I shall be more de-"ceived by Lord Rivulet than ever I "was before, by any person, in my life."

Mrs. Chaloner was about to launch out with great vehemence; for passion suppressed and pent-up by the kind and conciliatory manner in which Sir Philip had begun the conversation, now raged with

great fury; and no one can say to what excesses the impetuosity of a female friend might have carried her, if the arrival of a visitor had not very opportunely interrupted the rising storm.

A spruce footman opened the door, and announced *Mrs. Clark.*

Sir Philip English was unwilling to relinquish the hopes he had formed of ultimately bringing Mrs. Chaloner to attend to reason; and, therefore, was not at present disposed to withdraw: and his curiosity was excited in no inconsiderable degree on hearing the annunciation made by the servant.

Whilst Sir Philip was reflecting upon the strange concatenation of events, which thus promised him an interview with so celebrated and distinguished a person, before whom, to use the expression of a cele-

brated orator in the House of Commons, every thing seemed to yield as if she had been the general centre of national business and concernment:—the pause of a minute or two enabled Mrs. Chaloner to resume the appearance of her wonted good-humour. Her eyes, which, just before, flashed tremendous wrath, now beamed with inexpressible softness, and a bewitching languor; and an inviting smile occupied the countenance which so lately distorted itself into a frown almost furious.

The fair friends embraced each other withg reat tenderness and shew of affection, " my dear Mrs. Clark, *my darling*," and " my charming Lady Rivulet," were interchanged, and re-echoed from two as beautiful pairs of lips as perhaps ever graced the haram of a Sultan, or the most

elegant assemblage of beauty at a European court.

Most pathetically did they mutually lament that they had not seen each other for the last two days; though, as Mrs. Clark observed, she who had lived so long in a state of widowhood, without a single creature to speak to, besides old General Clangor, had much more reason to complain, than her ladyship, "for," said she, with an intelligent and captivating smile, "the moment my Lord Rivulet *forsakes* you, Primrose-cottage allures visitors, to supply the loss, and keep up your spirits."

Nothing is more vexatious than, after a fit of anger has yielded to the calm influence of reason and reflection, or the fortunate interruption of it before it had

reached a dangerous height, as in the instance above related; that some unlucky subject be started, which immediately resuscitates the dying embers of almost extinguished animosity, and rekindles a flame which often burns fiercer than at first: — and it so happens, either from the perverseness of human nature, or, as the superstitious suppose, because our *ill stars* will have it so, that such allusions and hints are almost always repeated until they produce the effect just mentioned.

The unlucky word, *forsaken,* was so grating to the ear of Mrs. Chaloner, that its sound continued to vibrate upon her nerves, for several seconds after it had been uttered;—*forsaken,*—and, by *Lord Rivulet,*—hateful idea! The hand-writing

on the wall was scarcely more distressing to King Belshazzar.

Lord Chesterfield asserted, that persons may *say* what they please, but can not help *looking* what they mean. This was pretty nearly the case of Mrs. Chaloner. She affected to make a sprightly answer to her fair visitor; but her countenance betrayed considerable emotion. "What "is the matter with you, to-day, my "dear?" said the gay and lively Mrs. Clark; "you do not look well:—pining "in disappointment, I suppose, because "of Strephon's neglect to write."

There seemed to be something ominous in these reiterations, and Mrs. Chaloner could not conceal her agitation, when a letter was brought to her; which she retired into the next room to read.

Scarcely had she been gone two minutes, when a loud shriek gave the signal of alarm, and the visitors, without any ceremony, hastened into the apartment, where the unfortunate lady had fallen on the floor in a fainting fit, with the letter open in her hand. The servants were called; hartshorn and water, brandy and sal volatile, with all the etcetera employed on such occasions, were procured in abundance; but it was long before she manifested any indications of recovery.

"What can be the cause of all this?" exclaimed Mrs Clark, looking at Sir Philip English as if for some explanation, and, at the same time, cutting the strings and laces of her friend's dress, to give her an opportunity of free respiration: "It "must be the letter!" and taking it from

the grasp of her friend, hastily perused the contents, and handed it open to Sir Philip.

In the interim, Mr. Worth and the servants went out in different directions to procure medical assistance.

CHAPTER XX.

THE letter, as might be expected, was from Lord Rivulet; and couched in the following terms:

"*Woodbury-Farm, &c.*

"My dearest Charlotte,

"You know me too well to "doubt the sincerity of my protestations "of eternal love and truth; but destiny "is above all things, and I am over- "powered by an influence not to be resist- "ed without incurring the imputation of "madness.

"You have already made a great sa- "crifice to shew your affection, which I "hoped to repay by constancy and unin-

"terrupted attention:—instead of that, I
"am compelled to demand a still greater
"effort of your magnanimity. Be as-
"sured that nothing but the most ur-
"gent necessity could compel me to it.

"Not to keep you longer in suspence,
"Mr. Lamprey has denounced me in so
"implacable and solemn a manner, that
"the only method of appeasing him is
"(I am ashamed to confess it,) by a sepa-
"ration from my charmer. My dear Char-
"lotte, we must, therefore, part: it
"rends my very soul to communicate
"such intelligence; but Lamprey has
"made my father a party in the business;
"and there is no alternative—but *the
"abandonment of all hopes of his pro-
"perty*, which a submission to his ca-
"price will almost certainly secure to
"me:—and then, my angel, I trust we

"shall once more meet, never again to
"part during the remainder of our
"lives.

"Is it an additional cruelty, that I am
"denied the satisfaction of seeing you
"again, before our separation? Lam-
"prey has however rendered it impossi-
"ble: for he has made a solemn vow,
"that unless you are restored to your
"husband before I leave Woodbury, he
"will disinherit me, and foreclose his
"mortgage on the family estate. I have
"not fortitude enough to enable me to
"oppose his commands. If any thing
"could make me submit to them without
"absolute distraction, it is that he has
"assured me, he will endeavour by means
"of Sir Philip English to secure you a
"kind reception on your return to
"Dick, whom I still look upon as my

"friend, though I fear he will never for-
"give me for loving you better than he
"ever did. However, since what is past
"can not be recalled, let us endeavour,
"if possible, to forget it. The time
"may come, and I hope will, when I
"shall prove that I am your unalterable
"adorer,

"RIVULET."

"P. S. John will attend you on the
"road to Mitford-Place, and bring any
"letter or message for me. My dearest
"Charlotte, adieu!"

"These are Modern Times," said Sir Philip English, as he cast his eye over the letter: "This is just what I had an-
"ticipated."

As soon as Mrs. Chaloner began to shew signs of returning animation, the heroic

Mrs. Clark thus addressed her: "Arouse
" yourself, my love. You do not yet
" know the world; when you have ex-
" perienced half the slights, treachery,
" and deceit which I have suffered from
" those *incarnate devils* called *men*, you
" will learn to have more resolution than
" to give way to the influence of grief and
" disappointment, when a little courage
" would extricate you from the worst part
" of your difficulties.

" My advice is, to order a post-chaise
" immediately; take this letter in one
" hand, and a loaded pistol in the other:
" drive down to this old hunks his rela-
" tion, shew *him* the contents of the let-
" ter, and give Rivulet the contents of
" the pistol! A mean, pitiful, dastardly
" fellow, who, for the paltry considera-
" tion of the old man's rotten trees and

" dirty acres, can abandon such an ange-
" lic creature as you are; and, after hav-
" ing deprived you of your natural pro-
" tectors, turn you adrift, as it were,
" upon the wide world; perhaps penny-
" less and destitute! My soul burns with
" indignation at such excessive baseness.
" Turn you out of doors, too! I would
" shew him a trick, which would bring
" him to his senses, presently. Send for
" a broker, sell every thing directly; and
" put the money in your pocket. Then
" write to the tradesmen who furnished
" the house, and to every creature to
" whom the pitiful fellow owes a guinea,
" and bring all his creditors upon him:
" —he will soon be scouted by his ac-
" quaintances, when they know that he
" is poor; and if the old miser should
" save him from a jail, he will be oblig-

" ed to retire into the country, where he
" will cut his throat."

The vehemence with which this address was delivered greatly contributed to arouse Mrs. Chaloner from the fainting fit: and as she came to herself, guilt, shame, and disappointment, all concurred to render her situation truly distressing.

The benevolent Sir Philip English, whose generous nature never wilfully gave pain to any one; nor, for a moment, protracted sufferings which he possessed the means of relieving, taking the unhappy fair one by the hand, bade her compose her spirits:— "You know," said the Baronet, "the motives which
" brought me hither, and the message
" with which I was charged. I can not
" altogether concur with your friend in
" the advice which she has given: for,

"although I admire her spirit, such a "proceeding would look too much like "*revenge.* I trust that there will now "be no obstacle to your return; and it "is at your own option whether you will "go to Mitford-Place, or to Blackwood-"Hall."

Mrs. Chaloner was too much oppressed to make any other reply than by a flood of tears.

"I will leave you," said the Baronet, "for the present, and would persuade "you to endeavour to get some repose. "Let me find you perfectly calm, on my "return to-morrow, and prepared to ac-"company us into the country."

Sir Philip then left the room, but returned immediately, and in a low voice desired Mrs. Chaloner to acquaint him whether she had contracted any debts on

her own account, since she left the country, observing that he would instantly supply her with the means of discharging them; and that the family at Mitford-Place should never know any thing of the matter.

Mrs. Chaloner's tears flowed afresh. She would have returned thanks for this very seasonable and disinterested generosity, but could not articulate a word: and Sir Philip withdrew.

In a few minutes afterwards Mr. Worth returned, having made a diligent search through about twenty streets, without being able to meet with any medical practitioner at home, excepting an eccentric irregular, who refused to have any thing to do with the case, unless he received fifty guineas before he left his own house. Mr. Worth, therefore, quitted his apart-

ments in disgust at his covetousness and inhumanity, and came back to Primrose-cottage, at the same moment that the servant, who had been sent on a similar errand, brought a message from Doctor Burgos, an eminent physician, that the Doctor might be expected in half an hour.

"Burgos?" said Sir Philip; "I re-"member him very well. He once at-"tended me when I was taken ill in "town." The recollection of this circumstance induced Sir Philip to stay to meet his old acquaintance; and he filled up the interval before the Doctor's arrival, by writing a letter to Mr. Prendergrant informing him of what had taken place, and preparing the family at Mitford for the return of Mrs. Chaloner.

Dr. Burgos arrived, and stalked with

vast gravity into the parlour, where he was addressed by Sir Philip English with more freedom than he expected from a stranger: "Doctor, I am very glad to see "you: it is a long time since we met. I "have remained here on purpose to pay "my respects to you, for the lady who "required your assistance is much better, "and, I believe, will recover without the "aid of medicine."

Doctor Burgos looked displeased, and almost affronted at the latter part of the speech, and with an air of importance observed: "Then, Sir, you have seen "the patient already!"

"Oh! yes, certainly," replied Sir Philip, "and I *ordered* her to go to bed, and "keep herself quiet."

"There is then," said Burgos, "no oc-"casion for me;" and, in a more angry

tone;—" but as I have not the honour of " recognizing you among the members of " our profession, it may be proper for me " to hint, that on such occasions it is not " usual for one physician to visit a patient " before the arrival of his colleague, when " a consultation has been proposed."

As the learned Doctor finished the sentence, he waved his hat, with a mixture of respect and self-importance, and was returning to his carriage; but Sir Philip exclaimed: " Zounds! Doctor; surely you " do not mistake me for a physician. " Do you not remember your old patient " Sir Philip English?"

Burgos started, returned into the room, bowed to the ground, made a hundred apologies for his rudeness, and entreated Sir Philip to forgive the error into which he had fallen: " For, indeed," said

he, "you are so much altered since I had "the honour of seeing you in Tenterden-"Street, that I had not the smallest re-"collection of your countenance." They then shook hands, and Sir Philip desired the Doctor, just for form's sake, to visit Mrs. Chaloner; but in reality that he might have the better pretext for insisting upon his acceptance of five guineas; for Sir Philip knew, that though Burgos was poor, he would scruple to receive a fee unless he prescribed for his patient, and that there was scarcely any man in the profession so punctilious.

The Doctor paid a very short visit to his patient, merely enjoining rest and quietness, to complete her recovery; and then returned to Sir Philip English, and discoursed with him for a long time upon the state of physic, and the affairs of the

nation, subjects which he was every day in the habit of discussing, but without improving either of them. The Doctor, however, liked to hear himself talk, and if those to whom he addressed his observations would have agreed with him, that the rudiments of education are no where so well taught as at Westminster School, that all the learning in the world, emanates from the University of Cambridge, and that it is impossible for a man to cure diseases unless he belong to the London College of Physicians, he would have discoursed from morning till night by a patient's bed-side, without once thinking of his disorder.

" Doctor," said Sir Philip English, just as Burgos was about to leave him, " I think that you are almost as much " altered, as I am: but I believe you did

"not wear a wig, formerly, and perhaps
"that may make the difference."

Burgos seemed greatly confused; and Sir Philip observing his discomposure, avoided farther allusion either to his age or appearance; however, when the apothecary called soon afterwards, Sir Philip happening to repeat his remark, observed that he was surprised a man of Doctor Burgos's learning and knowledge of the world should have the weakness to be *ashamed of his age.* The apothecary, who had known Burgos for many years, soon convinced Sir Philip of his mistake, by informing him that the Doctor's confusion was not occasioned by the allusion to his age, but by the reflection upon his wig.

Doctor Burgos resided in the same

house with his two maiden sisters, who were so fully impressed with respect for his medical sagacity, that, with them, all his opinions had the force of oracles. It happened, that the Doctor being one day a little *hipped*, had told his sisters, that in a short time he should certainly be attacked by an apoplexy; and warned them, that whenever the disorder seized him, they should immediately cause him to be put to bed, and have his head shaved and blistered, without waiting for the arrival of the faculty, whom he knew by experience to be collected together with the greatest difficulty, often when their assistance is most wanted. The old ladies deprecated such an event; but the Doctor assured them, that it was inevitable; and they had too much respect for his judg-

ment, to doubt the correctness of his opinion.

Soon afterwards, Burgos having attended at an Harveian oration in Warwick-Lane, took his glass so freely, that before he reached his own door he was in a condition very vulgarly, but not very incorrectly, denominated dead drunk; and being lifted from the pavement, was conveyed home between two men. The old ladies, having no idea of the real state of the case, imagined that the apoplexy, which the Doctor predicted, had now seized him, caused his head to be immediately shaven, and a very large blister to be applied all over it. Having thus obeyed the injunctions of their brother, they summoned a consultation of physicians, and sate down patiently to await

the event. Before the physicians were assembled, the blister produced a surprising effect: the Doctor awoke from his stupor, and his sisters rejoicing to perceive that the life was in him, congratulated him and one another, upon the success of the applications which he himself had directed.

"What applications?" stammered Burgos, attempting to raise his head from the pillow, and becoming every moment more sensible of the torment of the blister: "What is it you have done to me?" An explanation took place. The ladies were happy to find that there was less danger in the case, than they had imagined: but the Doctor would almost have preferred a real apoplexy to the ridicule of his acquaintance, to which this inci-

dent exposed him. It was this circumstance which compelled Doctor Burgos to wear a wig; but he never could bear the slightest allusion to it, with any degree of composure.

THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOJI'S SARASWATI MAHAL.

CHAPTER XXI.

Whilst Sir Philip English and Mr. Worth were engaged in the manner which has been described, Mrs. Burrows and her nephew proceeded to town, and took up their residence at the hotel in which apartments had been provided for their reception.

Sir Philip having so far accomplished his object,—that Mrs. Chaloner promised to return with him to Mitford-Place, the Baronet engaged to call for her at the cottage, on the Friday following: and himself with Mr. Worth went immediately to London, where Mrs. Burrows jocosely congratulated her brother upon

his success as a negociator; and was seriously gratified by the effect of his friendly interference respecting Mrs. Chaloner.

As their visit to London was so much circumscribed with regard to time, there was but little opportunity for indulging in the diversions of the metropolis. Sir Philip, however, but little regretted this circumstance; for he was more intent upon the real object of his journey, the restoration of a lost daughter to her afflicted parent, of a wife to her husband, than desirous of mixing in the gay and noisy crowds of fashion and dissipation.

But the opening of Covent-Garden Theatre, which had arisen as a phœnix from its ashes, was a circumstance so inviting to the taste of Mrs. Burrows, par-

ticularly as the classical and historical tragedy of Macbeth was announced for performance, that in spite of all Sir Philip's remonstrances and objections, she expressed her resolution to be present on this occasion, with so determined an air, that her brother yielded a reluctant consent to accompany her; and tickets of admission were accordingly procured.

The Baronet, whose disinclination to visit the Theatre had arisen entirely from an apprehension of danger in passing through the crowd which might be naturally expected on the first night of the season, and particularly at the opening of the new house (for he knew nothing of the cabals of theatrical performers or those circumstances connected with them, which had for some time given rise to

much public dissatisfaction) was agreeably surprised to meet with less difficulty in effecting their *entrée*, than he had expected, and they took their places in one of the side boxes, a few minutes before the play commenced.

Mrs. Burrows, who was extravagantly fond of theatrical representations, was highly delighted with the success of her perseverance; and intimated to her brother, that she thought herself intitled to his particular thanks for having, in a manner, compelled him to participate in the entertainments of the evening.

But the moment the curtain was drawn up, the appearance of the performers was a signal for the commencement of an *overture* far more noisy than one by Handel or Haydn, and of a description very different from any which had been

perhaps ever before heard within the walls of a theatre.

The turbulence of the company at a bear-garden, when such institutions formed an amusement for the elegant and polite amongst our countrymen, could have borne no comparison with the thousand hideous noises which now assailed the ear, in horrible discordance.

Cat-calls, horns, dustmen's bells, and still more distressing shrieks, which, from whatsoever instrument they might proceed, could only be compared to the music of a saw when under the assaults of a file performing the office of a dentist:—these and a thousand nameless contrivances were employed with so much skill, energy, and perseverance, that the audience were completely deafened by the ever varying sounds. Hecate pronounced

her incantations in vain, and the thunder rolled unheard beyond the precincts of Birnam-Wood.

To increase the tumult and disturbance, a number of persons, calling themselves *peace-officers*, were introduced upon the stage, and into different parts of the house, where assuming attitudes of hostility, ill accordant with the nature and design of their official character, many of them were grossly insulted, and a few of the most forward and troublesome were rewarded for their activity with a sound drubbing.

The performance being thus interrupted, the manager came forward, and with a tone and manner not at all calculated to conciliate an enraged and affronted audience, demanded—*What* they wanted?

Sir Philip English, in describing this

incident afterwards, used to say, that the *hauteur* of the manager put him in mind of a giant of romance, when aroused from gluttonous enjoyment and rapacity, by the arrival of some wandering knight, or distressed damsel, who asked repose for their wearied limbs beneath the battlements of his gloomy castle.

Scowling ill-humour hovered on his sable brow, as the grim-visaged tyrant churlishly bade the supplicants depart, and,

> " .... Seek a shelter in an humbler shed."

A countenance scarcely less indignant and repulsive, and a voice not more urbane, distinguished the monarch of the stage. They were not likely to soothe the rage of the populace, or charm to rest the perturbed spirit of discord.

The *Gods* looked down in ireful mood;

the tempest, which had been for a few moments suspended, again raged with redoubled fury, and distracting clamours shook the vaulted roof!

It was a long time before Sir Philip English could procure any information relative to the cause of this uproar; but, at length, understood that it was owing partly to an increase of the price of admission, and arose partly from the disgust which the sons and daughters of John Bull had conceived against certain foreigners who had been engaged as performers, at what the public were disposed to think *exorbitant salaries.* For although there have been found some amongst the higher orders of society, who possess so exquisite a taste for vocal music, that they would readily give fifty or a hundred guineas for a song, from a favourite per-

former,—this refined sentiment is by no means general; and there are thousands of our countrymen with no more taste or gallantry than a Lord Chancellor, who, when speaking of the celebrated Madame Catalani, had the effrontery to declare, that he would not give a pinch of snuff to hear her sing for a twelvemonth.

Sir Philip English was no sooner informed of the merits of the case, and heard it whispered that there were individuals belonging to the theatre, who were respectively in the receipt of *several thousand pounds per annum*; and that such sums constituted a part of that expenditure which rendered an increase of price necessary, than he became a zealous partizan in defence of the principle on which the majority of the audience had grounded their displeasure; though he by no

means encouraged their vociferous and violent expression of it.

On the other hand, Mrs. Burrows, who thought that theatrical abilities could scarcely be sufficiently rewarded, and that the character of the country was implicated in a proceeding, which, in her opinion, savoured of illiberality towards those whom she considered as conferring upon our little island no small degree of obligation, by condescending to bring their talents to a British market, at any rate,—took part with the manager, in opposition to the sentiments of her brother.

However, as it was wholly impossible to bring any arguments, excepting those of the obstreperous kind, to bear on this topic, amidst a scene of such hubbub and confusion, the Baronet and his sister

mutually agreed to adjourn the debate to a future opportunity; and retire, the moment they could make their way to the door of the theatre.

This was at length accomplished, but not without great difficulty in consequence of the pressure of the crowd in the lobbies and on the stair-case, where the uproar was, if possible, greater than in the body of the house.

Mrs. Burrows having surmounted every obstacle, positively declared, as she seated herself in the carriage, that she would never again set her foot within the precincts of a play house, until the English populace had learnt to behave with more decorum; and Sir Philip as positively expressed his determination neither to encourage by his presence the insolence or arrogance of a manager, or countenance

a set of squalling and squeaking Italians on the British stage: for he fully concurred in the sentiment of the poet, that

" Such plays alone should please a British ear
" As Cato's self had not disdain'd to hear."

This specimen of public entertainments would have have been sufficient to disgust a country gentleman accustomed to peaceful association and harmonious tranquillity, even if he had entertained far more favourable opinions of the drama than those which Sir Philip English had imbibed. Our Baronet was no stranger to the refined gratification of witnessing the delineation of nature, by the hand of the immortal bard of Avon, nor was he insensible to the merit of those by whom the never dying spirit of Shakespeare was made,

" To raise the genius and to mend the heart:"

but his manly spirit could not endure that the useful and moral purposes to which, in spite of the cavils and the groans of methodism, and the narrow and illiberal sentiments of modern *saints* and *sectaries*, the British Drama is applicable, should be perverted by Fantoccini and Opera dancers. He thought it a sort of profanation that those boards which once sustained the buskin'd majesty of Garrick, and were pressed with so much grace by the venerable Macklin, should yield to the fantastic toe of an Italian Pierrot, or be made subservient to the capers of a French Harlequin.

Such were the notions of Sir Philip English: they might be wrong, for they were certainly unfashionable: but neither the eloquence of Mrs. Burrows, nor the arguments of his nephew, could con-

vert the Baronet to a different way of thinking.

After this adventure, all thoughts of visiting places of public amusement during the short period of their intended stay in town, were entirely laid aside: and Sir Philip would have been perfectly content to pass the following evening in conversation with his domestic circle, if Mr. Worth had not accidentally met with an acquaintance, who pressed him with so much earnestness to bring his friend, the Baronet, to a meeting of a scientific society which was to be held the same day, that he made it a particular point to prevail on Sir Philip English to accompany him.

The Baronet consented; more through the respeet which he bore to Mr. Worth than from any expectation of deriving

either entertainment or pleasure from the company into which he was to be introduced; being apprehensive that their erudition might restrain the good humour and conviviality of the meeting. Mr. Worth himself was indeed unable to inform his friend of the precise nature of the institution which they were about to visit. He understood that it consisted of a number of eminent literary characters, and that their meetings were designed to promote the improvement and diffusion of scientific information: but to what branches of knowledge the attention of the society was particularly directed, his acquaintance had not informed him. From the rank and character of the members, he, however, entertained no doubt that the establishment was at once highly useful and respectable.

On their arrival at the place of meeting they were not a little surprised, on presenting their tickets at the door, to be ushered into a room which bore a near resemblance to one of the larger coffee-houses; and the company already assembled in it, gave them so imperfect an idea of a scientific institution, that they could scarcely persuade themselves they had not made some mistake in their introduction.

A number of newspapers were scattered over the tables in the room, and these, together with a few political tracts and pamphlets, furnished matter for general conversation, much in the same way as in places of the description above alluded to; and the debates, which arose upon the various topics of discussion, were conducted exactly in a similar manner.

Whilst Sir Philip English was endeavouring to reconcile what he saw, with the ideas he had previously formed, of what he was to expect, at a meeting of the literati of the metropolis,—the gentleman who had presented Mr. Worth with tickets of admission, entered the apartment, accompanied by a little man with a huge port-folio under his arm; whom he immediately introduced to the company by the appellation of Signor Papillio. This ceremonial gone through, Mr. Worth embraced the first moment which afforded him an apportunity of speaking with his acquaintance, to inquire, if the whole of the entertainment was to consist in reading and commenting upon the newspapers? "Fye upon it, "Mr. Worth," replied the gentleman; "that would be a poor return for a sub-

" scription of twenty thousand pounds
" per annum!—No! no! we do not meet
" for nothing.—We shall present you
" this evening with two lectures, and
" afterwards a handsome supper."

Mr. Worth had just time to revive the expectations and curiosity of Sir Philip English, with this intelligence, before the ringing of a small bell announced the commencement of the lectures.

The company proceeded into a spacious apartment, fitted up with great elegance, and seemingly calculated rather for ease and luxury, than the mere purposes of study:—however, the rules of the ancients in this respect were wholly neglected, and the only monument of their wisdom, which it had been judged proper to retain, was the Egyptian style of the furniture and ornaments of the room. If the Peripatetics,

or Socratic philosophers, could take a peep at our modern Athens, how much would they envy the refinement of these times, in which, instead of subjecting the student to corporeal hardships and privations, in order to improve his mind, the practice is directly reversed, and all the soft *appliances* of luxurious indulgence are afforded to the body, that the intellectual powers may be exerted with the more zeal and activity!

If Sir Philip English was a little vexed to observe the lectorial chair occupied by Signor Papillio, he was not a little disappointed when, after some introductory observations on the utility of natural history, the lecturer proceeded to an analysis of the colouring matter which adheres to the wings of moths and butterflies, and by an easy transition directed the attention

of his auditors to a proposal for fabricating a species of silk from the spider's web, by which the ingenious projector undertook to employ all the manufacturers which the decline of trade at Coventry, Derby, and Nottingham, had occasioned to be discharged. This interesting plan included a scheme for the encouragement of the growth of spiders to which Signor Papillio said, an increase of the window-tax would admirably contribute: and that the only additional resource which he deemed necessary for the purpose of furnishing the quantity of web requisite for the completion of the undertaking, might be obtained by circular letters to the bishops and parochial clergy to prohibit the use of hair brooms in places of public worship; a measure on which he laid the more stress in consequence of the

stagnation of trade with Russia. The lecture closed with the outlines of another plan, not less important than the former; —namely, the discovery of a process by which Paris plaister might be used instead of flour, and made a substitute for bread.

Greatly edified by this elaborate discourse, that part of the company who had been able to resist the influence of Morpheus aided by the somniferous effect of downy cushions, lights admirably secluded from irritating the organ of vision, and the exactest temperature of the apartment, descended into the laboratory, where a series of experiments were exhibited to prove the practicability of superseding the use of lamp-oil by means of a portion of Thames water, which after being subjected to a curious process was to

be enclosed in a small metallic tube, and thus become not only capable of ignition, but of giving light at the distance of several furlongs. The principal objection hitherto urged against the adoption of this mode of lighting the streets of the metropolis (for the proofs of its practicability were deemed so clear as to admit of no doubt) was, that an unpleasant smell was diffused by the process, which induced some persons, of more than usual delicacy, to prefer the ordinary method.

To remedy this inconvenience, the inventor suggested the advantage of a subscription, by which he should be enabled to substitute an odorous spirit, known amongst the Romans by the denomination of *liquor vesicæ*, and thus establish the reputation of this invaluable discovery, beyond the possibility of future objec-

tions: and a single still erected in each of the principal streets, as the conduits formerly were, he thought sufficient for the above purpose.

The company in general appeared highly delighted with this suggestion, and even Sir Philip English, though he did not exactly comprehend the arguments by which it was supported, was inclined to give the lecturer credit for the fertility of his invention, until an old gentleman, who sate by, drily remarked, that the idea was by no means original. "These "Italians," said he, "are the greatest "thieves and plagiaries in Europe. The "thought," addressing himself to Sir Philip English, "is entirely borrowed "from the suggestion of Colonel George "Hanger, who, in his life published seve-"ral years ago, proposed a method of con-

"verting a fluid, of which thousands of "gallons are thrown away daily in the "metropolis alone, to a purpose equally "important as that mentioned by Signor "Papillio. But the ministry at that "time were not so liberal in their grants "to projectors, and therefore did not en- "courage it: whilst it is ten to one but "this *foreigner* gets a large subscription "in support of his scheme, from weak "lords and ignorant citizens, who with- "out the least smattering of science, are "ambitious of being thought the patrons "of it."

The lecturer having concluded, the majority of the company withdrew; but Sir Philip and Mr. Worth, with a select party, in number about twenty, remained to partake of supper, which was soon

afterwards served up, in a very elegant style.

The entertainments of the evening had presented a series of wonders to the mind of the Baronet, who sometimes attributed his own surprise to an almost entire seclusion from the company of men of erudition, and sometimes ventured to condemn the taste of *modern times* as frivolous and absurd: but the method of terminating the evening by a comfortable repast was perfectly intelligible to him; and it was so truly British, that he sate down to table with great good-humour. Here, however, a species of disappointment arose, which not a little annoyed him: for, although accustomed to the luxuries of an elegant table, there was not a single dish before him, of which he could guess the description.

Mr. Worth, who was seated at the opposite side of the table, was in a similar predicament; but having the advantage of Signor Papillio on his right hand, soon obtained a sufficient account both of the cookery and the entertainment, to deter him from venturing to taste any thing but the most simple fare.

In the mean time, Sir Philip English, being destitute of any clue to the culinary secrets of *the Institution*, looked around him in hopes of discovering some indication by which he might be led to a proper selection of some of the *dainties* before him.

The learned have defined man to be *an imitative* animal,— asserting, that other creatures are directed by instinct to the choice or rejection of the food presented to them, and are wholly unin-

fluenced by the example of the rest of the animal creation: but that the human race has no such guide, but follow one another in habits the most unreasonable and injurious, merely from the force of example.

It was, perhaps, in obedience to this peculiarity of the human economy, that Sir Philip English observing most of the company cast their eyes upon a large dish near the centre of the table, and appeared eager to partake of its contents, sent his plate for a slice. The Baronet was still at a loss to know whether it was to be eaten alone, or what sauce it required, and he had so much of the *mauvaise honte* about him, that he was afraid of exposing his ignorance before so large a company, by any inquiry. In form and consistence it bore a pretty near resemblance to a piece

of soap, and when at length he ventured to put a bit into his mouth, he found that it was nearly as disagreeable in flavour,—possessing an intermixture of saline brackishness, with a pungent bitter, blended with a sort of musty rancidity.

Sir Philip could not without difficulty withhold his execration of such cookery; and the sentiments of the rest of the company seemed to be in unison with his feelings; for many of them began to express their dissatisfaction.

"Pray, Count," said the old gentleman, (who had before animadverted upon the hydrogeneous experiment) now addressing himself to the chairman, "is "this cursed stuff your famous Wal-"cheren bread?—Of all the villainous "combinations of taste and smell I ever "met with, this positively is the most

" disguesting.—Here, waiter, take away " the plate, and bring me a glass of bran- " dy, this instant."

" My dear doctor," replied the Count, " I am not surprised at your remark, but " I assure you, that when it is a little " more familiar to the palate, the flavour " you now complain of, will be found quite " agreeable. However, I ought to have " informed you, that it is rendered much " pleasanter by the addition of a little " *fish-oil*, and as the use of it is design- " ed chiefly for sailors in long voyages, " and that article is very cheap, if my " plan of feeding the navy should be " adopted, it will reduce the ordinary " expences of that department surpris- " ingly."

" I think it would," rejoined the Doctor, " and probably supersede the ne-

" cessity of a medical establishment,
" for this is kitchen-physic with a ven-
' ea nce."

The Count entreated the company to suspend their judgment on his *new bread*, until they had tasted another batch of it: and in the next place, directed their attention to a huge pickle-pot which he said contained poultry, fish, and game preserved in the most exquisite manner: and intended for the use of the army as well as the navy.

" Is this your invention likewise?" said the Doctor.

" I can not claim that honour:" replied the Count; " the process was discovered
" by Lord Avonside, in the course of his
" lordship's chemical researches into the
" nature of acids and alkalies, preparatory
" to the establishment of his clay and soap

"manufactory.—Pray, gentlemen, allow "me to send you some of this turkey."

The pickle was accordingly handed round,—the Count, having apprised the company, that this plan also was of an economical kind, and that a single ounce of a chicken thus preserved, would support a sailor or soldier equally to his usual ration of beef or mutton.

The Doctor at first objected to try any more experiments, but being urged by the Count and some of the rest of the gentlemen present, to give his opinion respecting the wholesomeness of the pickle, took a mouthful of it.

Sir Philip English quietly waited for the Doctor's sentiments before he ventured to follow the example: and it was well he did so; for the extreme poignancy of the preparation produced such a fit of

coughing and sneezing, that it was a long time before the old gentleman recovered himself, sufficiently, to express his most unqualified disapprobation and disgust.

"Worthy Sir," said Lord Avonside, who, unknown to the Doctor, was among the company all the time, "you took too "large a mouthful; the smallest portion "of it is sufficient; and, *upon my honour*, "it is a most economical plan."

"There is no doubt of it, my lord," replied the physician, "as it is *your* in-"vention: but having been called upon "for my opinion, I must tell your lord-"ship, as well as the rest of the com-"pany, that *of all the pursuits of the* "*ignorant and the vain, there is none so* "*reprehensible as those which endanger* "*the lives of the human race, and at*

" *the same time, bring disgrace upon* " *science.*"

The next day, when Sir Philip English was attempting to describe the entertainments, or, as he commonly and perhaps properly styled them, the *diversions* of the preceding evening; and lamenting the puerile conceits of an *enlightened people*, in *an enlightened age*, an acquaintance, who happened to drop in, raised the astonishment and disgust of the worthy Baronet to a still higher pitch. This gentleman informed him, that the institution, which he had visited, was not only esteemed an object of great national importance by the titled inhabitants of Hill-Street and Grosvenor Square, but that the grave citizens of Cheapside and Leadenhall-Street, were so much delighted with the hope of

superseding the necessity of boarding-schools for their daughters, and private tutors for their sons, by a similar establishment, at the east end of the town, that they had made a subscription in order to purchase the site of Bedlam Hospital for that purpose; and that apartments for the different professors were already prepared in the still remaining wing of the building:—that which was formerly appropriated for incurables.

As Sir Philip English visited the metropolis but seldom, it was natural for him to be desirous of taking a view of the improvements and alterations which are almost continually taking place in it. Mrs. Burrows accompanied him, and after having perambulated the immense additions which have been made to the nor-

thern suburbs, of late years, they stopped to admire the dignified statue of the Duke of Bedford, which had been lately erected near the centre of those vast improvements.

Sir Philip, who entertained a great respect for the Duke when living, was moralising in his way, upon the serious loss which the public had sustained, in the death of that amiable and distinguished nobleman, when he was aroused by a familiar tap on the arm, from Mr. Golder, who, with the utmost *sang froid,* drew the Baronet's watch and purse from his pocket, and with an air of gaiety and good-humour, returned them to him, requesting that he would forgive the alarm which had been occasioned by his frolick on the road. " But, my dear Sir Phi-

" lip," added he, " I was very nearly dis-
" covered by the penetration of Mrs.
" Burrows: for I was perfectly convinced,
" madam," turning to the lady, " that
" you knew my features notwithstanding
" all the pains I had taken to disguise
" them."

Sir Philip English, who had, at first, entertained some suspicions not very favourable to the character of Golder; and upon whose mind the remarks of Mrs. Burrows immediately after the perpetration of the robbery, had not made so much impression as she desired; was now so completely cajoled by the speciousness of Mr. Golder, that after giving him a gentle rebuke, which, from the manner of it, might have been understood either in jest or earnest,—with his

wonted good humour, invited him to eat his mutton at their hotel, where he told him that he might have an opportunity of making the *amende honorable* to Mr. Worth and Captain English.

Golder instantly accepted the proposal, and conducted himself with so much propriety on the occasion, that Mr. Worth, who was a very liberal man, and Jack English, who could make allowances for a frolick, as well as any one, were as completely satisfied as the Baronet and his sister, that what had passed was only *a practical joke.*

They spent the evening very pleasantly; — Sir Philip often remarking, that the conversation of a few select friends, afforded a far more rational amusement, than the squalling of *Italian*

singers in a hot and crowded theatre, even when undisturbed by the tumult which he had witnessed, on a preceding night.

MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S SARASWATI MAHAL THE TANJORE

CHAPTER XXII.

Golder had just taken leave, and the Captain and Mr. Worth having withdrawn, Sir Philip English was discoursing with his sister upon the particulars of his late interview with Mrs. Chaloner, when one of the waiters threw open the door of the apartment in which they were sitting, and vociferated, "Fire! "fire!" with so much terror in his looks, and so much impetuosity of manner, that half the world would have been scared by it out of all that command of temper, or presence of mind, which are so necessary on such occasions.

Of the two, Sir Philip was, by far, the

most agitated, and without staying to make any inquiry, was endeavouring to hurry his sister out of the house; but Mrs. Burrows, who possessed, on all occasions, a great degree of calmness and resolution, bade the waiter not be alarmed; but tell her in what part of the house the fire was.

The fellow was in so much trepidation that he could not give an answer, but the volumes of smoke which descended by the stair-case, rendered it unnecessary.

" I must have my trunk and writing-desk," said Mrs. Burrows, " unless the " floor be consumed:" and very heroically marched up stairs to the drawing-room, and succeeded in securing them from the ravages of the devouring flame, just as it was seizing upon the next flight

of stairs. Then committing her rescued property to the custody of one of the servants; and admonishing *Harry* of his inattention to save Sir Philip's clothes, she took her brother's arm, and walked out of the house with as much tranquillity as if nothing extraordinary had happened.

This presence of mind, or, more properly speaking, intrinsic courage, Mrs. Burrows always said that she had acquired by having accustomed herself, from the very earliest period of life, to avoid being in a hurry; and opposed the rising emotions of surprise, terror, and apprehension, by deliberate reflection. So that she was calm and composed in the midst of dangers which often appalled the most robust; and was collected, when screams,

faintings, and hysterics deprived other ladies of the means of extricating themselves from difficulties.

Sir Philip and his sister found a ready admission at a neighbouring coffee-house; where a knot of beaus presently gathered around Mrs. Burrows, to congratulate her upon the intrepidity she had displayed.

Sir Philip English, who always disliked the metropolis, arose early in the morning in order to accomplish some business (which every country gentleman finds it convenient to arrange) with the Bank and his bankers, and the tradesmen by whom he was supplied with various articles, when resident at Blackwood-Hall.

As the Baronet was busily employed in taking minutes of the affairs he had to transact before he left town, a tall meagre

looking man, dressed in black, and with a long green bag suspended from his shoulder, entered the room rather unceremoniously.—" Your name, Sir, I be-" lieve, is English?"

" It is," replied Sir Philip, " pray " what are your commands with me?"

" My business," said the meagre figure, (looking around him, as if he was afraid of being overheard) " is of a very " disagreeable nature, as far as concerns " you, Sir."

" Then make it as little so, as possi-" ble," rejoined the Baronet, " by im-" mediately informing me of the particu-" lars."

Few men had clearer consciences than Sir Philip English, and as he was not aware of having injured any human being,

so neither was he apprehensive of mischief from any one. He looked more surprised than offended, and more offended than terrified.

"I am come, Sir, to give you notice "of several actions at law, which I have "orders to commence against you for "libels of a very serious nature, by you "published to the great injury and damage of divers persons of rank and "quality, my clients."

"What do you mean, Sir?" said the Baronet, with a little rising wrath.

"You will be informed of particulars, "in due time," said the fellow: "at present I have only to enumerate the suits, "—to wit:

"Thomas Lord Viscount Kilkhampton, *versus* English: for a libel, upon

"his lordship, under the name, style, "and title of Lord Kilberry."

"Crispin Bristle, Esq., President of "the Worshipful Company of Cordwain- "ers, *versus* English, for a libel, under "the name of Burrows of the city of "London."

"Sarah Priscilla Snakeroot, of Broker's "Row, Moor-Fields, Widow, *versus* "English, for a libel, under the deno- "mination of Mrs. Senac, of Broad- "Street, London, Turkey merchant."

"Sir Smoothly Simper, of Thames- "Bank, in the county of Middlesex, "Knight, *versus* English, for a libel "under the name and description of Co- "lonel Courtly, of Boneham-Lodge."

"George Singlestick, Earl of Non- "such, *versus* English, for a libel, un-

" der the name, style, and title of Earl
" of Avonside."

" Theophilus Anchor, Admiral of " the Red Squadron of his Majesty's " fleet, *versus* English, for a libel, under " the name and description of Admiral " Ortolan."

Here, Sir Philip's patience being quite exhausted, he interrupted the orator : " It " might be very amusing to hear your " list, but I protest I know nothing of " the business. I never wrote a libel in " my life, and suppose that, *speaking* my " mind freely, can not be twisted and " distorted into *libelling*, even by the ar- " tifices of the lawyers."

" I do not expect you to acknowledge " the offence," said the man, with considerable effrontery, not rendered more

civil by the conclusion of Sir Philip's speech to him: but I must proceed.

"Not in my presence, Sir," said the Baronet, with more of John Bull in his looks, than he had before assumed. "I "desire you will immediately leave the "room; and let your lords and ladies "know that as I have never troubled my "head about them, so I will not be in-"sulted with impunity."

Sir Philip rang the bell. The waiter opened the door of the room, and the lawyer refusing to quit the apartment until he had gone through the whole of the list which he held in his hand, the enraged Baronet seized him by one of his ears, and with his cane in the other hand, menacing severe chastisement in case of resistance, led the terrified lawyer down

the stairs, and turned him adrift at the door, to the infinite amusement and gratification of the lacquies and attendants.

"The profession of the law," said Sir Philip, as he walked up the stair-case, "is, in itself, very honourable, but it is "exceedingly disgraced by a set of un-"principled persons, whose base and nar-"row minds are never so much gratified "as in contriving mischief, and foment-"ing dissensions. Such fellows deserve "to be sent to the hulks."

Before Sir Philip had recovered his composure, Mr. Worth came into the room, and on hearing what had happened, informed the Baronet, that this extraordinary visit was intended for his nephew, Captain English, whom he now thought it absolutely necessary to discover

as the author of the novel which had originally introduced him, Mr. Worth, to the notice of Sir Philip English and Mrs. Burrows. "If, Sir," said Mr. Worth, "you are offended with your "nephew for having thus employed some "*unwelcome leisure*, allow me to bear "part of the blame, for having, perhaps "erroneously, but I am sure with good "intentions, suggested to him, that a "well-timed exposure of fashionable "follies might be useful to society, and "creditable to his own talents."

"What do you tell me?" said Sir Philip, "is Jack English the author of "*Modern Times*?"

"Indeed, Sir Philip, he has that "honour."

"Then, Mr. Worth," replied the Baronet, "I will myself bear the expences of

"defending all these actions, be the con-
"sequences what they may; for if in times
"like these an honest Englishman dare
"not shoot folly as it flies, without in-
"curring the imputation of a libeller—
"he had better shoot himself.

"There is not one word in the book
"which is a libel upon any thing but
"vice or folly: and they who are asham-
"ed to see their own figure, may hide
"their faces, and not look in the glass."

It afforded much diversion at breakfast, when Sir Philip related an account of his interview with the lawyer, and its *agreeable* termination, and Jack English found that he had advanced in the good opinion of his uncle in a manner which gave him real satisfaction; for, whatever might be his foibles, his folly, his inconsiderateness, and the errors of a too open and

candid disposition, he was, in the main, a more honest man than thousands who took upon themselves to censure his conduct.

If the morning was entered upon by Sir Philip, in a manner not very auspicious, the arrival of the post made ample amends for that untoward circumstance. It brought him a letter from his steward in Staffordshire to inform him of the death of the rector of the parish of which Sir Philip's estate formed so large a part. With emotions of true friendship and the liveliest satisfaction, the Baronet immediately addressed a letter to the truly reverend and venerable Mr. Goodwill, and surprised that excellent person with a presentation of great value: for he had never laid the smallest stress upon Sir Philip's promise; merely regarding it as the dic-

tate of casual civility, and natural good-humour, and had not allowed himself to look forward to any expectation, or even hope, of its being followed by substantial benefit.

It would be difficult to describe the sensations of esteem and gratitude produced by Sir Philip's generosity upon a mind so capable of appreciating the value of a disinterested kindness. Mr. Goodwill, as far as his means allowed him, had amply experienced the delicious gratification of conferring favours in an handsome manner: he, therefore, felt for Sir Philip as well as for himself: and made a becoming return for the benefit conferred, by the most exemplary conduct in the parish committed to his charge, where harmony and peace speedily succeeded to the agitations of discord and ill-will.

CHAPTER XXIII.

The party set off in high spirits for Primrose-Cottage, where they found Mrs. Chaloner waiting with anxiety to receive them. A becoming seriousness and contrition had succeeded to that levity and pertness which had so much disgusted Sir Philip English at his former interview, and the agitation of the unfortunate lady, on preparing to revisit her afflicted family, was kindly soothed by the humanity and candour of Mrs. Burrows, who, instead of barbing anew the arrows of remorse, endeavoured, by the most liberal condescensions to blunt their sharpness and heal their rankling wounds.

They took the road towards Mitford-Place, but had scarcely travelled two miles on their journey, before the discharge of a pistol alarmed Mr. Chaloner and interrupted a pretty warm dispute between Sir Philip English and his sister, who had embraced the present opportunity of discussing the merits of the quarrel which had so much disturbed their amusement at the theatre.

The report of a second pistol succeeded the former, after an interval of a few seconds, and, as it was pretty evident that a duel was being fought in the immediate vicinity, Sir Philip and Mr. Worth alighted from the carriage, and hastened towards a fiel d,whence the report of fire arms proceeded. They were met by a *posse* of Irish labourers bearing along, in a most uncouth and awkward manner, the

body of a person who appeared to have been severely wounded.

The Baronet instantly offered any assistance in his power, and on being informed that the wounded gentleman was no less than one of his Majesty's ministers, desired that he would accept the use of his coach, to convey him to some place where a surgeon might be found.

" *Jasus* bless your honour," said one of the labourers, whilst, with his dirty apron, he wiped the blood and dust from the face of the gentleman, " my lord " is not hurt *at all, at all*; only just " scratched with *a pin's head* as a man " may say; but your honour had better " offer your kind *sarvices* to the other " *jontleman*, for, by my soul, he's surely " *kilt* dead upon the spot, and stands in " great need of assistance."

The hero of the piece having confirmed the testimony of his countryman in both particulars, and after thanking Sir Philip for his attention, assured him that he was in much more concern for the *sufferings* of his antagonist, who was *certainly a dead man*, than for his own wound, *which was nothing at all*, was immediately joined by his surgeon, who had lain concealed in a ditch near at hand, during the time of the duel: partly to avoid the perils of the combat, and partly to escape the fate of one of his professional brethren, who, a few years ago, was committed to Newgate, for putting his nose into an affair of honour.

Leaving his lordship, therefore, in the hands of his medical attendant, the Baronet proceeded to the field of blood, where he found the other combatant in a

condition much better than might have been expected, in a person who had, but a few minutes before, been "*kilt* dead "upon the spot!" for he had just finished drinking a bumper of brandy to the success of the Beeveland Expedition, and was dictating to his private secretary an account of the duel, to be inserted in the ministerial prints.

Perceiving that his proffered assistance was superfluous, Sir Philip English, being indulged with a short account of the dispute which had led to this sanguinary proceeding, returned towards his coach: but not without encountering fresh adventures.

The officers of the police having received information of the intended meeting, had stationed themselves in a snug public-house near the spot, where, per-

haps in imitation of their betters, they were also drinking success to *the expedition,* whils the duellists were engaged: for the report of the pistols never reached them.

Two of the officers, however, who were on the look out, observing Sir Philip and Mr. Worth quit their coach and cross the neighbouring field, would have pursued them, if the arrival of another carriage with two gentlemen in it, who also alighted in a great hurry, had not afforded them, as they thought, an equal opportunity of spoiling the intended sport. Nothing doubting that these persons were the principals and their respective seconds, they, without the least hesitation, laid their hands upon the last mentioned pair; and in spite of their solemn declaration that they were attracted solely by the

noise of fire-arms, and bore no part in any quarrel, forcibly detained them until more assistance should arrive. This, however, was affected not without great difficulty, at which the reader will not be surprised, when he is informed, that the two gentlemen thus attacked were no other than old Mr. Lamprey and Lord Rivulet, who, having by submissions readily made on the one part, and reluctantly accepted on the other, at length composed their differences, were proceeding towards London, in order to make some family arrangements, when their curiosity and alarm were excited, by the discharge of the pistols as before mentioned.

Lord Rivulet immediately submitted to the authority of the peace officers, for being accustomed to affairs of this nature

he well knew the consequences of resistance; but Mr. Lamprey, who said he had no notion of an Englishman being interrupted on his lawful occasions, began to lay about him with his walking staff so violently, that the officers were probably in as much danger as the duellists themselves, until Sir Philip English and Mr. Worth made their appearance.

The astonishment of Lamprey at this *rencontre* surpassed all description. His ideas, naturally not very clear, were now in the utmost confusion. He could not help associating the firing of the pistols, which he had distinctly heard, with the sudden appearance of Sir Philip and Mr. Worth, and yet was entirely at a loss even for conjecture on the subject.

The police officers having a momentary respite from the impetuosity of Lamprey,

although they had at first sight supposed that the gentlemen, whom they saw approaching, were parties in the duel, were soon aware of some mistake; but had been so roughly handled that they could not bring themselves to make any apology for their conduct. A few words from Sir Philip English explained the matter; and when Lamprey heard the names of the combatants, he told the runners, with a sagacious nod, to think themselves very well off with a few blows from his stick, "for as sure as you are alive," said he, "you would have been hanged upon the "gallows, and had your bowels cut out, "if you had stopped a privy counsellor "in the discharge of his duty: for this "is the law of the land, in the old book "in my hall-window: so, go your ways, "you ragamuffins, remember you laid

"hold of me first: and *if you had not* "*done that there, you would not have* "*come to this here.*"

The constables being pretty well satisfied that there was nothing but wrangling and hard blows to be expected from this quarter, quitted their hold, and returned in search of their companions.

Mr. Lamprey now informed Sir Philip English that Lord Rivulet had promised to give up all thoughts of Mrs. Chaloner, and never again to interrupt the repose of a family, by such intemperate conduct: that he had, therefore, forgiven him, and was going to town in order to set matters right with his relation the Earl of Bridgnorth, to whom, on first hearing of the circumstances of the elopement, he had written, in very violent terms.

Sir Philip was desirous, for obvious

reasons, that Mrs. Chaloner should not see Lord Rivulet, and therefore requested Mr. Lamprey to remain where they then were, for a few minutes, until he should have resumed his place in the carriage: and having obtained a promise to be favoured with the company of the old gentleman, at Blackwood-Hall, as soon as he returned from London, cordially shook him by the hand, and taking a civil leave of Lord Rivulet, rejoined the ladies in the coach, and pursued his journey.

The ladies had already received a marvelous account of the duel from some of the Irishmen before mentioned, who, in addition to the statement which they had at first made to Sir Philip that one of the combatants was "*kilt* dead on the spot," asserted that five bullets had passed through my lord's body; for they had

found them in his waistcoat pockets; and nothing but the care of the Holy Virgin could have saved his precious life.

As the party approached nearer to Mitford-Place, Mrs. Chaloner became more and more agitated and distressed at the thoughts of meeting her relations: but she was received there, in a manner which reflected equal credit upon the humanity and good sense of Mr. Prendergrant and her sister: and the Dean, though at first disposed to shew a considerable degree of resentful coldness, at length relaxed his austerity, and manifested such a disposition for reconciliation, that time, the universal physician, is now rapidly healing the wound which threatened the total destruction of the happiness of the whole family.

Sir Philip English had resolved to re-

turn to Blackwood without delay, conceiving that the complete reconciliation of Mrs. Chaloner with her family, would be best effected in their domestic circle. The next morning, when the Baronet was preparing for his departure, Captain English, who had followed them to Mitford-Place on horseback, in some degree surprised Sir Philip by entering his chamber, and after a preface which was scarcely understood, because it was scarcely attended to, requesting permission to be allowed to pay his addresses to the amiable Lady O'Shannon.

"With all my heart, Jack," said Sir Philip; "and if her ladyship will con-"descend to the match, tell her I will "settle four thousand a year upon her, "and leave you to get a living by writ-"ing novels."

Sir Philip, Mrs. Burrows, and Mr. Worth pursued their journey, leaving the Captain to make his declaration, in form, to Lady O'Shannon.

At the moment of approaching the inn, at which, after having completed the first stage, they were to change horses, a great crowd was seen rushing out of the gateway, and hurrying to prison a young man of very genteel appearance, who was handcuffed and bound: but notwithstanding his altered looks, Mrs. Burrows immediately recognised the face of Mr. Golder.

The carriage stopped, and Sir Philip had no sooner alighted, than he was accosted by his old friend Admiral Ortolan.

The Admiral was travelling towards London, and as his post-chaise proceeded

through a narrow part of the road, about eight o'clock in the morning, he was stopped in a manner very similar to that in which Sir Philip himself had been robbed, a few days before:—and, as it (was afterwards evident, by the same person. In this instance, however, Golder who was by profession a highwayman, and in reality the person who stopped the Quaker, and robbed poor *Jammy Kittrick* on Hitchfield-Common) had to encounter a ferocious spirit in the rough old Admiral, which, while it served himself as effectually, in the nature of a guard, as the cool courage of Mrs. Burrows had defended her, on a former occasion, was far more dangerous to an assailant.

The admiral happened to have a large sum of money about him, at the

time he was attacked, and being prodigiously vexed at the idea of parting with it, would have given the world for a blunderbuss, or a case of pistols, the moment he heard the sound of the robber's voice: recollecting, however, that he had in his pocket one of those strong clasp knives which are kept open by a spring, and in common use in France, he hastily drew this terrible weapon, and without condescending to make any reply to the man who demanded his money, opened the door of the chaise and made a desperate thrust at him, which wounded his horse so severely in the neck, that he reared up and threw the highwayman, who immediately became the Admiral's lawful prize.

As Ortolan was in the commission

of the peace for the county in which the offence was committed, he, without hesitation, sent the robber to gaol, and the intercession of the master of the inn could scarcely save the postillion from a similar fate; for the Admiral would not be persuaded that the fellow was not an accomplice of Golder, otherwise, he said, he was confident, nothing in human shape could have been so *white livered* as to stop to be robbed, upon the first *signal.*

The post-boy fell on his knees, and made the most solemn protestations of his innocence, adding, that he hoped he had too much *grace* to join in such a wicked scheme as that of robbing a gentleman, on the highway, for besides the chance of being hanged for it, he would not endanger his precious soul by doing

the devil's work, if he might gain all the money in the world:—that the reason why he stopped was not through fear of losing his own life, for, through the instruction of good Parson Hill, he was fully prepared to die, but entirely on account of the Admiral whom he said he feared to be in *an unconverted state,* from the terrible oaths he swore at him in the morning, only because he whipped his horses over the head.

The wrath of Admiral Ortolan, which was before at a high pitch, now surpassed all bounds: he bore a mortal enmity to every thing which savoured of fanaticism, because he believed it to be closely allied to hypocrisy; and every pretext for avoiding danger was, in the mind of this rough British tar, a signal, if not a proof, of cowardice: in this light, therefore, so far

from giving credit to the fellow, for *christian charity* on which he vested his plea of extenuation, Ortolan abominated him as a deceitful hypocrite, and d—d him for a canting puritanical cowardly son of a b—.

Having discussed the affair of the robbery, the Admiral proceeded to inform Sir Philip that he had been summoned to attend an inquest about to be holden at the inn where they then were, on a very extraordinary occasion.

An Irish serjeant in a marching regiment had laid claim to an earldom, to which was attached an estate of fifteen thousand pounds per annum. The serjeant had been many years in the service, and having been for some time on board Admiral Ortolan's ship, with the regiment to which he belonged, which was

doing the duty of marines,—Ortolan had been called upon, together with his captain, to speak to the identity of the serjeant, now presumptive Earl of ——. Curiosity induced Sir Philip English to desire to be present on this occasion, which terminated in completely establishing all the circumstances which it was the interest of the claimant to prove. But the most extraordinary part of the business was that in the course of the examinations entered into, it was discovered, that the serjeant, whilst with a recruiting party, having married, his wife had taken the opportunity of eloping from him, as the party were upon their march towards Portsmouth, to join the regiment, and he had since discovered her in the service of a gentleman of opulence, where

she lived for a few months, and passed for an unmarried woman.

At the time of her elopement she carried with her an infant, whom she now acknowledged to have exposed upon the road, in hopes that it would be taken up by some person more able to support it, than herself: but since this prospect of riches and honours had been presented to her view, she incessantly lamented that she was totally destitute of any clue which might lead to a discovery of the child.

Such were the outlines of the serjeant's, (*alias* the earl's) story: and here Sir Philip English becoming interested in it, desired to be permitted to narrate what had happened to him in his journey from Ryegate to Mr. Prendergrant's at Mitford-Place.

There remained no doubt respecting the child, which Sir Philip promised to restore to his parents: but great indeed was his astonishment, on proceeding with the investigation, to find, that the mother of the child, was no other than his old acquaintance Sally, of Hitchfield common; and he was scarcely less surprised to discover that he had actually held a conversation with her at Mr. Skiddaw's without the least recollection of her features.

The serjeant, thus transformed into an earl, and Sally into a countess, gave the sincerest thanks to Sir Philip for his kindness and care; and the former with the air of a man of honour, told the Baronet that he could not affront him by offering a remuneration for the expence

he had been at upon account of the child, but hoped he might be indulged in the pleasure of sending him a service of plate, which he should order to be forwarded from his silversmith in town.

An arrangement was now entered into for the restoration of the child to his parents, and while Sir Philip English and Mrs. Burrows could not help feeling a pang at the approaching separation from their little foundling, they were consoled with the prospect of the speedy marriage of their nephew, in consequence of which the nursery at Blackwood might be again tenanted: and their hopes on this head were still heightened by the satisfaction of reflecting, that the future life of Jack English was likely to atone for his former levities.

They returned, therefore, to the mansion at Blackwood-Hall with all that chearfulness and good humour which benevolent minds naturally feel whenever their endeavours to promote the happiness of others are rewarded by success.

THE END.

Cox Son, and Baylis, Printers,
Great Queen Street, Lincoln's-Inn Fields, London.